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EIGHTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER EDITOR

CHARGEABLE TO FOREIGN INVADERS

CONTEMPLATING the ruins at the corner of First and Broadway, caused by the dynamite outrage on the Times building early last Saturday morning, and especially in view of the score or more of deaths resulting therefrom, we wonder who, born of womankind, could have been so fiendish, so wanton as to conceive such wickedness? That this great crime was not of local inception we have not a shadow of doubt. This climate, this joyous, peaceful community is not a breeder of such fearful practices. Bitterly as the local unions have resented the newspaper attacks on their several organizations, the idea of anarchistic reprisal of the nature demonstrated never, we are confident, was harbored. No, it was, without question, the work of outsiders, and to foreign invasion must the lawless act be laid.

In San Francisco, that hotbed of union laborites—not laborers—was the germ fostered that had its culmination in the atrocious deed witnessed in Los Angeles last Saturday. The actual perpetrators may not have come from that city, but, undoubtedly, they imbibed their inspiration there. Los Angeles has had indubitable evidence of late of the dastardly attitude of San Francisco's professional agitators toward our determined manufacturers who are pledged to industrial freedom. Our people are a unit in insisting that this fair city shall not be at the slavish mercy of the union laborites. They know what a curse that oppressive rule or ruin program has proved to the northern metropolis, and have vowed to devote their energies, their fortunes, their lives, if need be, to prevent a similar condition here. Realizing they had lost the fight, the invaders had recourse to measures which forever damn them in the eyes of all good citizens.

That the Typographical Union was in anywise a party, even by a bond of sympathy, to the dynamite attack, nobody at all acquainted with the business principles of this national organization believes. The union printers do not love the Times and its management, but they are law-abiding citizens before everything. That the union printers are sincere in offering a reward to uncover the dastards guilty of the murderous attack on the Times is obvious. They feel the stigma that naturally attaches to a branch of labor so consistently opposed to the Times' policy and they will not rest until it has been removed.

But all unionism must perforce share in the odium attaching to this unprecedented crime, in which so many innocent lives were sacrificed. It should be their undying endeavor to ferret out the perpetrators, at whatever cost, and thus prove to the world their non-sympathy with so foul an act. Only in this way can they expect to rehabilitate themselves in the eyes of that public upon whose favor they must depend for continued existence. San Francisco seems loth to take a spirited stand in this fight for a great principle. Its newspapers are either silent or apologetic in regard to the outrage here, not daring to make fearless expressions lest the laborite bogies should get them. It is a pitiable spectacle of a muzzled press.

In view of this shackling of the newspapers, who of us in this part of the state will feel like voting to give the laborite-cursed city five millions of the people's money that may or may not be impartially expended? To think of that stronghold of union-

ism being chosen as the exposition site is preposterous. There would be acrimonious and cantankerous controversies from the day the first spadeful of earth was turned! Honest labor is entitled to the fullest consideration, but for dishonest laborites there should be no quarter. Not until San Francisco realizes this and purges herself of her incubus can she hope to thrive. Even now, work in that city is growing so slack that her manufacturers are at their wits' ends to bolster their trade. Now is their opportunity, if they only knew it, to rise in revolt and be once again their own masters.

To the families of the innocent victims of the Times disaster The Graphic can offer only sincere condolences. If money could assuage grief and we had the means, there should be no lack of it forthcoming in this sad hour. But time is the only true healer of all such wounds. A generous citizenship and, doubtless, the wealthy owners of the Times, will see that every case of financial distress is alleviated. With the prompt action of the city council in voting funds to investigate the crime and appropriating a sum of money to apprehend the evildoers, all citizens are in hearty accord. Equally prompt has been the action of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association in offering reward for the arrest and conviction of the responsible murderers. Los Angeles will not rest until the criminals are disclosed. It is not simply a private corporation that has been wronged, but the municipality itself, and not until the perpetrators are brought to justice will the community abate its relentless pursuit of the guilty wretches that have wrought this great horror.

SHARING IN THE TIMES' ADVERSITY

PERHAPS, if The Graphic and its editor had been privileged to share in the prosperity of the Times and its stockholders, we should be a little less rueful now that we have had common lot in their adversity. For in the great disaster that befell our big neighbor early Saturday morning, it was our untoward fate to lose our publication office, part of our composing room and many treasures having literary associations that money cannot replace. Fortunately, the staff remains intact, the subscription lists, card index and account books came through unscathed, and this week, although minus its artistic cover design and illustrated department headings, The Graphic presents a fairly attractive exterior. In another week we shall hope to get back to normal, but, meanwhile, we ask our friends to be indulgent if the typographical appearance of the paper is not up to the customary standard of excellence.

In The Graphic composing room the clock hanging on the south wall, adjoining the Times building—or where it once stood—stopped at seven minutes past one in the morning, at which time the great explosion must have occurred. The wooden case is badly charred, but the works seem to be all right. Tons of water played havoc with the type and machinery, insured in part, but the old tomes in the editorial room, picked up in many a weekly browsing, are sadly disfigured, their bindings reduced to pulp, their printed pages in many instances so blurred as to be indecipherable. No insurance money can ever restore to them their former charm. However, we are not repining. Far from it. Conditions are not pleasant, but they might be much worse. We have no casualties to report, such as afflict our daily contemporary, and in the minor losses sustained, as compared with the colossal disaster adjoining, it seems almost indecent to refer to our own misfortune.

But since the esteemed dailies have refrained from mentioning the fact that the tenants of the Baumgardt building suffered, in which the Baumgardt Printing Company met a total loss and the Builder and Contractor was badly damaged in its

mechanical department, we feel justified in giving publicity to these facts on this page. Besides, an explanation of the absence of our cover, just as the heavy fogs of autumn are at hand, the departure from usual typographical neatness and the lack of certain other distinctive features seem to demand a word. Slightly disfigured, then, but still on earth, although no longer doing business at the old stand, The Graphic is at home to its friends at 232 San Fernando building, in the future our permanent publication office.

PORTUGAL A REPUBLIC

IF THE press dispatches are not too greatly overdrawn, the revolutionary movement in Portugal has succeeded, the king is dethroned, and a republic has been established. Spain probably will be the next nation to discard the "divine right" idea. Germany ere long will be ruled by a socialistic bureaucracy—but prophecy is a thankless task. As a business enterprise, it does not rank "ace high to a grasshopper," compared with such commercially successful vocations as card-reading and astrology. It is sufficient to note, in passing, that this is rather an unfavorable year for conservative authority, and that with the single exception of the educational program, the demands of the now successful Portuguese revolutionists are not nearly so radical as the Wisconsin Republican platform or the insurgent movement in general.

It is also a circumstance worthy of note that, while in the old world rifles and bayonets are still seemingly necessary to establish such primitive ideas of human rights as constitutional government, popular suffrage, and an elective executive, in the new world far more advanced and radical ideas are enforced by the ballot. It was the "prophet of San Francisco," Henry George, who pointed out twenty years ago that it would always take, in America, fewer ballots than bullets to accomplish any reform or revolution which the people had the intelligence to demand.

As to the educational demands of the Portuguese revolutionists, the system is radical and far-reaching, a system calculated to make self-reliant, individualized, strong men and women of its pupils, rather than pedants and social or economic leaders. Its fundamental idea is to arouse in the student all his nascent powers of discrimination, self-control and manliness, rather than to impose upon his tender and impressionable years the cramping, restrictive notions of outside authority and conformity. Manhood is its first concern and mere book learning a secondary consideration. In this single but all-important respect the liberals and radicals of both Spain and Portugal are far ahead of their contemporaries in the United States, where the subject of popular education does not, save in exceptional cases, command the best thought of the nation, and where the school system is still largely in the hands of politicians. This advancement of Spain and Portugal in the educational field is almost entirely due to the genius of the martyred Francesco Ferrar, whose books should be translated into English and made accessible to the American public.

SUN SPOTS AND EARTH CONDITIONS

MODERN science now admits a connection between the grouping and explosion of spots on the surface of the sun and atmospheric and electrical conditions on earth. Whereupon, it is timely to call attention to the fact that there were very general disturbances in the weather at least in North America during the recent unusual behavior of sun spots, as reported from the Santa Clara observatory. Here in Southern California, particularly, most exceptional conditions prevailed. There were thunder and lightning along the coast and in the mountains. These phenomena began September 29, with remarkable electrical displays

which were witnessed from the beaches, and continued until October 1.

To have mentioned these earth disturbances in the same breath with the sun spots only a few years ago would have been to lay one's self open to ridicule or to the awful charge of mysticism. But astronomical science, which is largely the science of mathematics, seems to have demonstrated to a mathematical certainty that explosions of the so-called sun spots invariably produce exceptional atmospheric and electric conditions on this planet. That human emotions, en masse, should be influenced by stellar conditions, is, of course, not admitted by science, and chiefly for the reason (the assertion is tentatively ventured) that science has paid no attention to so small and "insignificant" a matter as human emotion. At the terrible risk of being accused of mysticism, the fact is cited—merely cited—that during the recent remarkable grouping and fragmentation of the sun spots, there was an epidemic of wanton slaughter all over the United States. The news columns of the daily press were unusually heavily freighted with crimes of violence and accidents resulting from human negligence. One day science will get around to this subject of human emotions, whereupon it will probably be found to be not in the least exempted from the general laws and conditions of nature, but amenable to mathematical computation, like everything else.

Sociologists have made headway in this respect already. It has been demonstrated to a nicety that the aggregate of petty crimes fluctuates with the thermometer and the price of fuel and food-stuffs. You cannot spot a single thief by the price of coal, but the government's own statistician has shown positively that the number of thieves in winter rises or falls with the price of fuel. There is little of the mystical about that, of course, though it is sheer mysticism to a good many high tariff men and special privilege statesmen. However, the world does move, and many of the things we know as ordinary facts today and take account of in our calculations, were the terrifying or the absurd mysticisms of yesterday. Even so with many important things we now smile at or treat with scornful inattention as mystical and therefore of no practical use. They will be the common facts of tomorrow. Always, there will be a few peering ahead a little of the schools or the mobs, and braving the scorn for their pains.

W VIOLENCE GAINS NOTHING

HERE there is violence there is slavery. It has been so from the beginning; it will be so to the end. It is a strange and sorrowful commentary upon human intellectual development that men still employ the cause of a thing to destroy its results. The bare statement of the case seems paradoxical. It must be amplified to be understood. As a people we are not prepared to admit, nor even to comprehend, our own stupidity. If we have a cloth that is wet, and we wish to dry it, do we dip it into water? No; many aeons ago, perhaps, we passed that stage of development. For a long while we have known that water is wet, and that to produce dryness in a cloth or a board we must take it away from the water and put it out in the air and sun. We have learned that water produces wetness.

But we have yet to learn that slavery is the result of violence. The average man will tell you, or, at least, readily assent to the notion, that violence results from slavery, and that in order to destroy slavery we must hack and hew and kill. On that reversal of a natural law this western civilization has proceeded, a civilization whose most insistent features are prisons, gallows, policemen, mad houses, murders, dynamite outrages, lynchings, suicides, graft, a vast stream of petty crime, slums, degeneracies unmentionable, and a wellnigh universal system of industrial slavery.

At the beginning of this period of civilization a wise man came out of the east (whence light always comes), and proclaimed anew the doctrine that water is wet, and that to dry a cloth or a board we must remove the same from water and apply heat—the simple, natural, beautiful, eternal and inviolable law of opposites. He did not state it exactly in this modern language, for in those early days all men spoke in parables and symbols.

What he said, if the translators are to be depended upon, was that violence ceaseth not by violence, nor hatred by hate. In many ways and by various symbols he enunciated the scientific fact that like produces like and does not cure like. Nineteen hundred and ten years ago this was pretty radical teaching, and he who dared to utter it was taken out and nailed to a cross between two thieves. Alas, the same truth is still radical, only the few who now utter it, instead of being nailed to a cross, are crucified with inattention.

For man is still about ninety-nine one hundredths an emotional creature. On the one hand he has taken these scientific statements of the Christ, clothed them with a maze of theological subtleties, or dressed them in unreasoning pietistic verbiage, and reared a million costly temples in which to go one day of the seven and hear them expounded as beatitudes of a scheme of personal salvation, while on the other hand he has totally and absolutely disregarded them in all his walks of daily life, and has openly defied them and arrogantly tried to set them at naught, in all his institutions of social welfare.

Civilization is now complex, and the practical application of any simple basic truth must at best be a compromise for many years to come. Yet the gain will be considerable if the truth be but recognized, and an impetus given in the right direction. There is no danger that humanity will suddenly, without warning, adopt a rational and scientific course of action by abdicating all restrictive measures and foregoing all manner of violence. No such contingency threatens, wherefore it appears quite safe boldly to advocate the ideal of the universal cessation of violence and the general acceptance of the Golden Rule, not as a smug platitude, but as the most daring and radical utterance ever pronounced.

Surely it were safe, and timely, to call the attention of industrial revolutionists and reformers to the all-important fact that the wrongs they seek to right by dynamite or by any form of violence or restriction are themselves but the results of violence and restriction. Whatever injustice there is in the world today (and there is much) was born, cradled, nursed to fruition, and is maintained by violence and restriction. Violence will not cure it. You cannot dry a wet rag by dipping it in the water. You cannot bring about justice by injustice. You cannot kill slavery by killing the slave driver. To be radical is to seek to change things, to seek to wipe out all in justice. Violence changes nothing but the form which it kills. Violence is conservatism. To advocate violence is to advocate a continuance of injustice. To dip the wet rag in water is only to increase its wetness. Wrong added to wrong produces more wrong. Violence added to injustice inevitably increases the injustice.

GRAPHITES

It seems incredible, even for San Francisco, that a supervisor of a metropolis should make such an utterance as the one quoted below and credited to Dr. Boxton, one of the Abe Reuf and Schmitz regime supervisors, but it is a matter of solemn court testimony, adduced at the recent trial of T. V. Halsey in San Francisco. At a banquet given by President Green of the Parkside Company (which was asking for a franchise) this is what Dr. Boxton is testified to have said: "Mr. Green should bear in mind that we are the city fathers; that from the city fathers all blessings flow; that we, the city fathers, are moved in all our public acts by a desire to benefit the city, and that our motives are pure and unselfish. But it must be borne in mind that without the city fathers there can be no public-service corporations. The street cars cannot run, lights cannot be furnished, telephones cannot exist. And all the public-service corporations want to understand that we, the city fathers, enjoy the best health and that we are not in business for our health. The question at this banquet board is: 'How much money is in it for us?'" As it is part of the record of the Halsey trial, and stands practically uncontradicted, it must be accepted as a genuine utterance. The clipping is taken from the San Francisco Star. Comment upon it would seem to be a work of supererogation.

It is incredible," says the New York Sun, "that there should now remain a single American citizen who does not see that Theodore Roosevelt has

undertaken a campaign for the presidential nomination in 1912." And the Springfield Republican says, "This tour is unmistakably part of a movement to make Mr. Roosevelt president of the United States for another eight years."

It is a big job that the legal department of the W. C. T. U. has tackled. It proposes to have enacted "just laws" for the prohibition of the liquor business and to stamp out the white slave traffic. As to whether the liquor business should be suppressed there is, at least, to state it mildly, an honest difference of opinion among self-respecting, intelligent people, and so long as this difference of opinion exists no "just law" can be evoked to suppress it. Francis Murphy was the true temperance reformer. He used to say that the only saloon it were worth while to close was the one under your nose. To close the front door of any other saloon is merely to open the back door. Insofar as the white slave traffic is amenable to artificial statutes, to that extent it is but the result of other causes, and it were folly to tinker with the results, leaving the cause to operate and produce an ever-growing harvest of new results. So long as the economic and industrial conditions place a premium upon this traffic, so long will it exist in one form or another. If the W. C. T. U. really wants to help the cause of human advancement, let it look to causes instead of results.

Principal Watt of Chicago, a leader of the open-air school idea, is quoted by the Record-Herald: "Indoor life, lived in an atmosphere of carbon dioxide, is devitalizing us, and is dulling the wits of our school children." Everywhere, in California, there should be an open-air school agitation. In Montclair, N. J., the board of education opened its first outdoor public school in a large tent, which will give free ingress to the winds of heaven, except in inclement weather. Special apparel will be provided for the children who attend. They will have a woolen sweater and a woolen cap, which may be pulled down over the ears if necessary. Each pupil is to have a "sitting bag," to be made of heavy material, which may be pulled over the feet and fastened about the shoulders by straps. On cold days, blocks of heated soapstone will be put in the bottom of these bags. An outer reefer and gloves complete the costume. Here is the outdoor school idea with a vengeance.

Intercellular pangenesis is the cosmic resultant from science's latest diagnosis of substance. In the pre-historic philosophy of the Vedas, it is called Akasa. But the new term is better for this civilization. It is a happy designation and carries with it its own definition. Thus, the single cell is the modern scientific unit of life, and the all-pervading, primordial substance in which the cells move and by which each cell is surrounded, is appropriately called intercellular pangenesis. This is stated tentatively, however, and from a review of the book of that name, rather than from a careful reading of the book itself. The latter is C. Stuart Gager's translation of Hugo de Vries' work, which is published by the Open Court, Chicago. At any rate, the idea involved in the term is fascinating, and an indication that science is rapidly converting the mysticism of yesterday into the known fact or rational theory of today.

Along in December, the eleventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica will be issued. For more than 140 years this great reference work has been published. It was organized by a "Society of Gentlemen" in Scotland, and its first volumes left the press in 1768. Since then it has gone through various commercial vicissitudes, but the latest information is that the work has passed into the hands of Cambridge University, and will be issued from the Oxford Press. The latter is not a commercial enterprise. Its output, as a rule, is a delight to the bookish who have an eye for good print, good paper, and a harmonious format. The edition of twenty-eight volumes is to be printed on India paper, which will save considerably in weight and bulk, but nothing in quality.

With delegates from thirty-nine foreign countries, the international prison congress assembled at Washington, D. C., October 2. It was opened by Prof. Charles R. Henderson, who occupies the chair of sociology at the Chicago University. This is the first gathering of the congress since 1905, at Budapest. If the daily press could bring itself to desist a little from its gratuitous, though, no doubt, profitable task of featuring crime, there might be room in its columns for more than the pitifully meager reports of this most important gathering that the news editors have seen fit to vouchsafe their readers.

GRAPHICALITIES

At a conference of National Guard officers in St. Louis it was agreed that the militia of the United States should be placed on the federal army payroll. General Wood advocated the increase of the regular army from 80,000 to 140,000. Between the lawyers, the soldiers, the battleship men, the trade unionists, the high tariff beneficiaries and a few other classes and interests, the plain private citizen who has to foot the bill is "ground exceeding fine."

Samuel Untermyer, a famous New York lawyer, is out with a pronunciamento favoring government control of commodity prices. If Mr. Untermyer could knock off about half of the high tariff schedules, commodity prices would not need federal regulation. But a lawyer, of course, thinks in trade channels. He is the greatest conservationist in the world, always seeking to conserve the interests of his calling.

Russia has a railroad scandal, in which \$10,000,000 of the people's, that is to say, of the Czar's, money, has been sunk already with nothing to show for it. Reports say that the chief engineer of the line is an expert musician, who selected his staff according to their proficiency upon instruments in his band. The line was projected contrary to all expert advice, over a desert waste.

Of course, the visit of Secretary of War Dickinson and party to the Chinese capital can have no connection with the award to the United States Steel Company of a contract for \$15,000,000 worth of Oriental battleships. Nevertheless, it is a happy coincidence, for the president of the steel company, Mr. Schwab, quite a "fortuitous circumstance," in fact.

Minnesota has a school fund of more than \$20,000,000. This is the accrued value, or the "unearned increment," of federal school lands wisely conserved instead of foolishly squandered. Minnesota also retained control of much of her mineral resources, leasing them out instead of selling them.

Philological societies will do well to note that several important changes are occurring in the American language. Thus belligerency is becoming insurgency, conservative is rapidly being converted into conservation, and there is a vast confusion between democracy and socialism.

While the study of medicine in the United States is gradually decreasing, the study of law is rapidly increasing. Medical colleges are slightly fewer in number, while law colleges are much more numerous. The number of medical students graduated this year showed a decrease, but the number of admissions to the bar was considerably augmented.

An anti-tipping society has been organized in Texas. Naturally, the daily press is laughing at it. As a rule, it laughs at everything that is neither silly nor trivial. A movement against tipping is a basic movement toward manhood and democracy.

Death was the winner of the Vanderbilt cup automobile race on Long Island. His score of lives and limbs broke all previous records for such joyous events and set a new world's pace.

Where the tax on buildings is removed, building construction rapidly increases. New York city and Vancouver have learned this economic fact and are profiting by the knowledge.

Thanks to the benign influence of a high tariff all the crops are plentiful this year.

Bankers Were a Trifle Uneasy

Bankers have been in possession of Los Angeles all the week, and scores of the visitors from east of the Rocky Mountains will remain in Southern California fully a week longer. Last Wednesday, in the lobby of the Alexandria, a quartet of bankers stood talking whose banks control in excess of a hundred million dollars. One of the group was a director of the National City, the Standard Oil bank of New York, the other three represented important banks in Philadelphia, Cincinnati and St. Louis. That the recent meeting was one of the most successful in the history of the American Bankers Association is generally conceded, despite the anxiety caused by countless ill-founded rumors of projected dynamite attacks, following the Times explosion.

CONDENSATIONS

By an agreement reached in San Francisco, October 4, all the oil producing concerns in California, outside the Standard Oil Company, have pooled their product for three years. The new combination will handle a daily output of about 250,000 barrels, and its only competitor in the state will be the Standard.

By pressing a button at his country home in Beverly, Mass., President Taft formally opened the dry farming congress at Spokane, October 3. This is one of the most important gatherings of a year that seems to be particularly rich in conventions.

Prof. Allison W. Ware, formerly of the San Francisco normal school, has been chosen by the trustees of the Chico state normal school to succeed Prof. C. C. Van Liew, who was recently deposed by the board.

Americans are to build a railroad through the center of Turkey in Asia, at a cost of \$100,000,000. Enormous concessions are given, including the right to develop all mineral and petroleum deposits along the right of way.

London's new lord mayor, Sir Thomas Vesey Strong, is a pronounced temperance advocate. He is the first temperance man, it is said, ever elected chief magistrate of the English metropolis.

Wynmalan, a Dutch aviator, has beaten the Chavez height record of 8,409 feet, and set the mark at 9,121 feet. At this height his carburetor froze and he descended without power.

Six Curtis biplanes, two Dietz biplanes and a Bleriot monoplane were entered for the thousand mile race from Chicago to New York, which was set for Saturday, October 8.

Forecast figures indicate that nearly every important crop grown in the United States will be a bumper one this year.

Why Harry Jones Smiles

If there is one book in his big store that Henry S. Jones, directing manager of the Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch Company, favors more than any other it is Jepson's "Trees of California," unless it is Parson's "Wildflowers of California," which is a close second in his affections. This week he was tickled to get a letter from Prof. John W. Wilkinson, supervisor of the department of agriculture and horticulture of the San Diego city schools, highly praising both books, which he had recommended to the teachers. Jepson's "Trees of California," Professor Wilkinson declares to be "absolutely reliable" and a book that should be placed in the hands of every teacher holding a position in the California schools. Parson's "Wildflowers" he finds to be a very valuable work that will be placed in the school libraries. Coming from such a source, this indorsement of his two pet books has put Henry Jones in such good humor that, though he was impaneled to serve on the coroner's jury, that will decide the cause of death coming to the victims of the Times explosion, he cheerfully accepted the duty. Ed Tufts has been named as foreman of this important body, the other members being Messrs. Carl McStay, John Brink, Martin C. Neuner, M. C. Adler, Oscar Morgan, Samuel Lauterbach and C. G. Brown. It is a good, representative body of citizens.

"Burney" is Receiving Congratulations

My best wishes to the Pooh-bah of Redondo Beach, Charles Henry Burnett, general manager of Mr. Huntington's Redondo railroad interests, president of the Redondo Beach chamber of commerce, social favorite in at least three cities hereabouts and all-around likeable man. A confirmed bachelor, so everybody thought. "Burney" has lost his heart to a charming Claremont girl, who plays the violin divinely, her harmonies having done dreadful damage to the poetic Burney, according to all reports. It is said that he was caught in a Broadway jewelry house the other day, absorbed over a tray of diamond rings, and had just selected one brilliant white stone when a young matron, a member of the smart social set, came near and remarked upon the beauty of the collection. Burney blushed, stammered and finally bought his tormentor a box of chocolates as a bribe, but it was too good to keep. This is why The Graphic is able to announce the engagement of Charles H. Burnett to Miss Grace Schoemaker of Claremont, and to extend heartiest congratulations. It has been my privilege to know Miss Schoemaker since she was a little girl living in Oak Park, Ill., and I felicitate him on his good fortune. As for Burney, none better ever wore shoe leather.

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

IT IS a quaint chapter of half-forgotten lore that is told in "Gog and Magog," the celebrated Guild Hall giants, whose entertaining account is the work of F. W. Fairholt, a London antiquarian, to whom the labor involved in his researches was wholly a labor of love. This little volume, a first edition of which, dated 1859, I have found time to read in spite of the fiery ordeal of the past week, is dedicated to genuine lovers of old London and its history. Always, though at a distance, I have counted myself as one of that number. Like other small boys, I can remember the fascination stories of giants had for me before and after I entered my teens, so that when my eye lighted upon this "Gog and Magog" story at the Old Book Shop this week I greedily seized it and bore it off to my mountain eyrie. As most students of antiquarian lore know, "Gog and Magog" are two carved figures which strikingly decorated the old Guildhall of London—I suppose they are there yet. The legend runs that Albion, in its savage state, was peopled by giants, with whom the Trojans fought and, overcoming them, took Gogmagog and Corineus prisoners and led them in triumph to the place where London now stands. Here a palace was built and the two giants were chained to the gates of it to act as porters. Their effigies have survived the legend in the modern Guildhall, the name of Corineus being dropped and the older brother's cognomen bisected and bestowed one half upon each of the giant figures. The name is still preserved in its purity as a designation to the Gogmagog hills in Cambridgeshire.

* * *

I suppose the effigies of these mythical giants, who fought to save their country from foreign invaders, are to be regarded as emblematic of the modern heroes, who would perish in the defense of the down-to-date Albion. Standing at the entrance of the ancient Guildhall, these giants are representative of the British grit and valor that would defend the honor of their country and the liberties of their city against all comers. The ancient myth has it that Gogmagog was in height twelve cubits, or, in English measure, eighteen feet. As showing that the early Britons merely absorbed the fabulous account of Gogmagog from the eastern nations, it is interesting to note that the books of the Arabians and Persians, says Warton, the historian of English poetry, "abound with extravagant fictions about the giants Gog and Magog." Curiously enough, the Caucasian wall, said to be built by Alexander the Great, from the Caspian to the Black Sea, in order to cover the frontier of his dominions, and to prevent the incursions of the Scythians, is called by the Orientals the wall of Gog and Magog. Speculation as to how these tremendous heroes obtained footing in Britain seems to decide that the Arabians, having imparted their taste for marvellous and romantic fiction to Europe, by means of the settlement of the Moors in Spain, these were personages of too much importance for the early British bards to suffer them to remain behind.

* * *

When the old Lord Mayor's Show of London consisted of a series of pageants, the civic giants always were part of the great public display. On the occasion of royal progress through the city they kept "watch and ward" at its gates. Before the present carved images were installed at the entrance to Guildhall, the giant figures were constructed of wickerwork and pasteboard. But time and the rats played havoc with the effigies, the weather exteriorly, the rats and mice interiorly. In 1708 the present wooden giants were installed on each side of the council chamber, but in 1815 they were elevated to the big window. In 1837 they were repainted and given a finish of gilt. The last procession of which the giants were a feature was in that year. Pasteboard copies of the giants, fourteen feet in height, were made and by means of a man stationed inside each, they walked in the "Lord Mayor's Show," to the great delight of the spectators, who lined the streets. After hundreds of years of processional duty, in which they figured on all civic occasions of display, this was the last public appearance of the giants. S. T. C.

Colored Retainers in Force

Los Angeles has been harboring an extraordinary colored advent this week, and for a time it was a mystery where the strangers had come from. Investigation develops the fact that each of the forty odd special trains that brought the bankers to the city had at least one porter, and twice as many buffet attendants, in addition to more than a dozen dining car waiters, giving a total of about five hundred.

PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY AT HOME

III. House Courts

PERHAPS most good citizens know what a "house court" is. But I have a suspicion that there are a few intelligent individuals, like myself, who do not, simply because they have never had their attention called to this phase of civic housekeeping. Technically speaking, a "house court" is a building of certain type, but usually a group of such buildings, wherein are lodged three families or more, and ranges in condition from rude, insanitary combinations of any and every available material handy, such as scraps of old iron, tin cans, gunnysacks, wornout canvas and stray bits of wood and rotten boards, often set on the bare ground—anything to serve as a protection from the weather—to the simple but cleanly wooden structures exemplified in San Pedro court. The cement house or its close kin, the hollow tile structure, is a dream of the "model village" plan of which we have heard so much recently. Dr. Titian Coffey, Mr. Robert Watchorn, Miss Elizabeth Kenny, attorney, Miss Mary Veeder, settlement worker, Mr. George Bergstrom, Mr. Thomas Haverty and Rev. Dana Bartlett were appointed by Mayor Alexander, February 23, 1910, to serve for the ensuing year as a housing commission for Los Angeles, with Mrs. Johanna von Wagner and Mr. Manuel S. Carrizosa as inspectors. After a tour of inspection, however limited, to the house courts of the city with one of these inspectors, the small, grimy shacks, ramshackle shanties and even the more respectable but non-committal faces of the rows of little bungalows along certain streets of the city are invested with a new and vital interest.

"But do we really have a slum situation to meet here in Los Angeles?" I innocently asked Frau von Wagner as I sat in her office one morning, waiting to start on an excursion with her. I was picking up "crumbs"—I was going to say, but in reality should say—"loaves" of information in reply to my respectfully timid inquiries. In common with many other Californians of the Angel City I had supposed that the climate obviated any untoward conditions among the poor here.

"Indeed we do," she replied. "In fact, our mild climatic conditions is promotive of a peculiarly difficult situation with which to deal. There is not the necessity for the close family circle such as a colder climate calls for, the members of the household often seeking the streets at night rather than the fireside, and thereby falling victims to the students and graduates of crime or themselves enrolling in the classes. Then, too, the need for well-built domiciles is not so strongly felt here. When a shack will serve to bring the landlord a few paltry dollars, why build a better house? Land values are fictitiously inflated in these sections. The monetary return is not commensurate with the expense and who cares for the individual?"

"Oh, the misery 'over the river,'" she continued, sighing. "Oh, if the people only knew! If they only could know! What we need is a realization that every man should have a decent living and a fair wage. We must educate the citizens to this. How, on the pittance many of these men receive, can they live decently? Why will landlords be so greedy and heartless as to take money for the miserable excuses for dwellings they call houses. So long as families have to subsist on a dollar a day, or even a dollar and a half, and pay high rents for very small quarters, the proper standard of living cannot be maintained; and charitable agencies, secondhand clothes and furniture, and general pauperizing of hard-working laborers, will have to continue."

"Now look at the playground department. It is a fine work! But after a day under good environment the child goes home to vicious conditions. What a school for crime is the small dingy room filled with men, women and children, with no attention to the privacy and decency of the individual. Impossible to overcome such influences for evil by any other method than proper housing. Nor is it possible to be clean when four or five families have to use a single water faucet in the common yard."

"Another serious menace to public welfare is the ever-increasing army of homeless men. There are fully three thousand single men, and men whose families are in the old country, living in courts and rooming houses. At least two thousand of these are Slavonians. I am seriously in favor of a tax on bachelors. No man should be allowed to shirk the duty of supporting a woman. If he will not marry let him help to educate a sister woman to a useful, lucrative occupation by which she may support herself honorably."

As she talked thus warmly, she handed me a card, illustrative of the system by which the courts are inspected and followed. These rec-

ords, among other things, give the name of the "court," the location, the owner, by whom inspected, with the date, the materials in the building and its floors, the number of rooms, sanitary equipment, conditions—a complete description. The owner, agent or lessee is served with a notice to bring the premises up to the requirements of the law, and frequent inspections thereafter insure the necessary repairs or remodeling, as well as the proper maintenance afterward. While many of the more obnoxious old courts have been either vacated or demolished, there is yet much to be done, and the rapid growth of the city is enlarging this work until there is urgent need of three or four more inspectors.

"And do you mean to say that you and Mr. Garrison cover this entire territory?" I asked, pointing to the large map hung at one side of the office, before which Frau von Wagner had been standing upon my entry, gravely studying little groups of thickly set vari-colored headed pins, many of which indicated points at opposite sides of the city in outlying districts.

"We try to cover it, but there is a crying need for more inspectors. When the work was taken up, it was supposed there could not be more than twenty-five such courts existent in the city. Today there are 260 under supervision, and I am discovering more every day. Many of these courts contain from three to sixty dwellings, inhabited by from fifteen to three hundred individuals, these being of thirty nationalities. They are scattered, as you see, all about the city, mainly in the First, Second, Third, Seventh and Eighth wards. Then there are those in San Pedro, Wilmington, Terminal Island and other newly annexed sections, which have not yet been thoroughly inspected and recorded."

Between telephone calls and other business interruptions, for Mrs. von Wagner is a very busy woman, I was entertained in the remaining time by a display of beautiful Mexican drawn work of one of her proteges and by endless numbers of pictures from the various courts, with accompanying comments by my interesting entertainer. Among these were Arnaz Court, marked "cheap shacks soon to be demolished," Utah street court; Lopez court, a vicious looking neighborhood; Lockhardt; Bright's (renovated); Verde, in the redlight district, Chinatown; the railroad courts and scores in all degrees of order and disorder.

Hurrying away to take a car to East Main street, I addressed my attention more particularly to my wonderfully capable companion. Her rich accent was charming, her dress in keeping with her errand, her fair face was wholesome and kindly—a strong German type. The longer I was with her, the more my heart warmed to her. I learned that she had come to this country sixteen years ago from Germany; that she had been in her present work fourteen years; that two years were passed in training for nursing in city work. This course completed, she saw how futile was this little lift to suffering humanity when the real cause was deeper, more subtle. She therefore took a course in expert sanitation, and studied attendant housing problems. Speaking six languages fluently, she was ideally equipped by nature and by training for her life work. She spoke of her early efforts in New York modestly and unaffectedly.

"Your work is wonderful," I exclaimed. "Of course you are fully paid for your endeavors in the great good you are doing, are you not?"

"At times I grow discouraged at the immensity of the task, at my own small ability, at the indifference and negligence of those who could lessen crime and lighten poverty and will not, that I feel I wish I might die." But I knew the sad weight of a ruined girl from "over the river" was burdening her mind. This mood was transitory.

At Avenue 19, on East Main, we left the car in the "Black Hand" section and entered several "courts," many of which are known only by number. All were in fairly good repair. Stopping by a back door, Frau von Wagner remarked, "What a beautiful baby," at which a pleased Mexican mother informed us the baby in her arms was sick, explaining partly by signs that it was teething. The child was prescribed for, its small head caressed while the sharp eyes of my companion were taking in every detail of the dooryard, and two more "beautiful" children with very dirty faces were shown attention. A pile of refuse in a neighboring yard was kindly pointed out to its author as productive of flies, germs and disease. Another older child was prescribed for, and household affairs discussed in an informal manner, rather as a friend than as an officer of the law. Across the street an old, rickety house stood, that had been the home of a full-blood Indian family. When its porch dropped from the house and the

entire structure showed alarming signs of dissolution, the occupants were warned to move. Three consumptives were among the inmates of the tiny domicile. On the small plot of ground on which the shanty stood, intensive farming maintained the family table for a time. Chickens and a cow complemented the fare.

At another court we entered, a Spanish senora discussed, in her mother tongue, with the kindly visitor, the condition of a lad of ten or twelve, whose hand and arm were distorted and useless from a nervous disease. It had never occurred to them that the boy might be helped, but Mrs. von Wagner was keen to note the condition of all she met and quick with a remedy, often simple. The poor soul who greeted us hospitably brought me a chair, while Frau von Wagner insisted on sitting on the tumble-down porch, which seemed worn with daily scrubbing. Mrs. von Wagner chatted readily and sympathetically in the language. As only an occasional word was intelligible to me, I gazed at the group, at the bare yard, the hen yard which neighbored intimately with a little shack home at the back of the yard. Many of these piles of boards I would have supposed trash sheds had I not been informed that they were "homes." After the boy had received direction as to the "clinic" for treatment, we bade our interested friends "adios" and called on other Spanish neighbors. In the home adjoining we saw a really "beautiful" baby, which even my undiscerning eye remarked.

In the summer season just passed, with the kindly co-operation of certain club women and large-hearted philanthropists, Frau von Wagner has given many starved souls their first view of the ocean. "Just think, there are those who have not the money with which to take a five-cent car ride for pleasure and recreation, and imagine what joy an excursion like this must mean to such an individual!" I had witnessed a chance scene at the beach on one of these trips, so I had a faint realization.

All of which is illustrative of the marvelous, tactful versatility and kindness of the woman. This shows why new courts are being discovered where they had long remained hidden; why results were so gratifying; why the work is becoming so popular among the club women. I saw lessons of hygiene, household economics, industrial aid and friendly comfort brought to her charges—the city's charges. I could not promise to speak of the work of the housing commission and not of the personality of my guide. She gloried and gave color to that which I saw that day, by her splendid womanhood. P. R.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

BUT one subject has monopolized conversation wherever men congregate since the awful news of the appalling crime in Los Angeles last Saturday morning. Intense sympathy for the score of families which have been plunged into woe by the fiendish dynamiters is mingled with anger and shame that the pages of California's history should be stained with so monstrously foul a crime. Every true citizen of California feels that this is the deepest concern, not merely of Los Angeles but of the whole state. It is a terrible blot on California's escutcheon, one that even the capture and punishment of the fiends cannot wipe out.

Of course, there has been a frantic rush to cover on the part of a cowardly press. The suggestion that labor union men could be implicated in so horrible a plot and such fiendish destruction of life has been scorned by most of the newspapers. Up to the time of this writing neither the Examiner, the Call nor the Bulletin has ventured one word of editorial comment. Hearst's paper has not given one-fourth the space to the Los Angeles tragic catastrophe that it gave to the Eva Swan case last week. The newspapers all appear to be afraid of saying a word or publishing a fact that will offend the dread organized labor. Last Monday, the Bulletin made a bold bid for the unionists' favor by elaborating a theory that the crime could be traced to Mexicans in their rage against General Otis for his Diaz sympathies.

While it is impossible to conceive that any labor union could be held responsible for hatching so fiendish a plot, the damnable doctrine that strikes can only be won by violence is all too familiar. There was murder a plenty in the teamsters' strike here ten years ago, and the spirit of murder was rife during the street car strike of three years ago. Every ruffian that used to hurl bricks and foul insults at the strike-breaking motormen and conductors contributed to the awful climax of last Saturday morning. All these years the seed has

been sown for that ghastly harvest. No! the labor unions must not be held responsible for the slaughter of a score of innocent men, but they and their champions and apologists have been steadily and persistently disseminating the malice, rancor and hatred that incline men's minds to murder. The fierceness of the campaign of hatred for twenty years has been concentrated in Los Angeles upon General Otis and the Times, and it has been met with fierceness and hatred. General Otis and the Times have been blind to any virtue in labor unions and their leaders, and have exaggerated every vice. There is no more splendid cause than that of "industrial freedom." Its realization means industrial peace, but it will be realized by amity and peace and not by war and hatred.

Twenty years of war and hatred is the record between the Times and the labor unions. And such a war poisons men's souls, blinds their vision and corrupts their imagination. Especially the imagination of the half-educated, the poor and those who consider themselves downtrodden and unfortunate. One does not have to look very far for the root of one of the most dastardly and foulest crimes in Christendom if one remembers the simple truth that hatred breeds murder: "For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak With most miraculous organ."

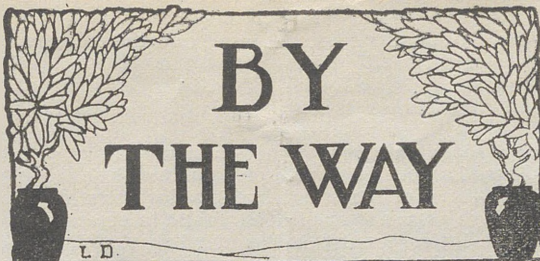
San Francisco is congratulating herself on her new chief of police. Captain Seymour had a fine record of integrity and ability during the many years he was connected with the force, and the fact that his ability and fidelity commanded the complete confidence of such a corporation as the Wells Fargo Company commends itself especially to those who have greater faith in the discrimination of private corporations than in that of municipalities. The new chief starts with a bold declaration: That he has only accepted the office on the assurance that he shall be left alone by the politicians, and that there shall be no interference with himself and his duty. If Seymour actually has this assurance and insists on its observance, his difficult task will be wonderfully lightened. He declares that the law and the ordinances shall be faithfully obeyed. San Francisco will be somewhat different if he can live up to this insistence. We live in hopes.

November 12 will be a red letter day in Bohemia. That is the date that the Bohemian Club will move into its splendid (interiorly) new home, at the corner of Post and Taylor. The exterior of the building is plain, even unsightly, but, within, the new clubhouse will be a wonder. It contains a theater with a seating capacity of 600. For the opening ceremonies, Peter Robertson, for many years the dramatic critic of the Chronicle, has written a play in the Greek form, "The Oracle." Incidental music has been composed by Dr. Humphrey I. Stewart.

San Francisco, October 4, 1910.

Rumors as to Big Local Oil Companies

Now that the Union Oil Company is about to lose the co-operation of the Producers, which appears to have deserted its former ally for the Associated Oil Company, a number of anxious investors are wondering what is to happen to Union Oil shares. The stock continues to hang around par, with that figure not having been reached in several weeks. At this time it looks as if Union may go much lower, unless there is stimulation of inside support. Only a few months ago there was a clamor on the part of the investing public for Union at around 105, when the company floated its last allotment of stock to the extent of an even million dollars. Shareholders of record were given the new issue at par, as a special favor, in keeping with the company's pledge not to ask for more money for its stock, no matter what the price might be in the open market. It is freely predicted that, sooner or later, the Standard will take over Union, in spite of the fact that the Stewart interests, controlling the latter, have a holding company, which apparently makes absorption of Union an impossibility. One thing that is a certainty is the fact that Union needs new capital, and that money for the purpose is not easily obtainable at this time. Unless there is a change in credit conditions for the better, soon, Union will be forced to market bonds at a figure that will tickle the average investor. With Associated about to form an alliance that will more than cover its short oil contracts at a most attractive figure, possibly the long-expected dividends in the Southern Pacific oil shares, that have been due for more than six years, may now be really in sight. But, while Union has out about \$25,000,000 in stock, and no bonds, it must not be forgotten that Associated has \$40,000,000 of stock in addition to bonds.



It Might Have Been Worse

At an early hour last Saturday morning I was awakened by the telephone ringing, and out of a sound sleep I was greeted by the information: "The Times office is totally destroyed by dynamite. Many lives are lost. Your office is completely gutted. Better get down to it quickly." It was a friendly message from a Times employee. Naturally, I did not stop to prink, but, jumping into my clothes, was down at the scene of the explosion almost before the streets were aired. Through torrents of descending water I plunged up the stairway of the building adjoining the ruined Times quarters, and wading through a stream that overtopped my shoes, made a dash for the subscription lists and card index of debits and credits of subscribers. Scorched and wet, they were yet decipherable, and I experienced a great serenity which not the sight of a wretchedly forlorn publication office could disturb. Many of my precious books, picked up in years of collecting, were reduced to a pulpy mass of ill-smelling paper. Autographed letters, that once adorned the editorial wall, from Horace Greeley, Theodore Roosevelt, Walt Whitman, Richard Mansfield, Mme. Modjeska and other notables, treasures having a personal interest, were in a weepy state of ink-blurred streaks. My precious files of The Evening News were a clammy, sticky mass of swollen, ragged, non-readable books. Ditto the files of The Graphic. The editorial furniture was charred, blistered and waterlogged. Reserve copies of The Graphic floated in an inky black sea of tepid water. Ugh! In the composing room the type racks near the back door, where the flames were fiercer, contained solid balls of metal. Big holes were burnt in the quad cases and the entire office was awash. The clock had stopped at 1:08. The linotype machine, fortunately, stood toward the front of the building. It was reeking with rust, but apparently intact. Although it will have to be entirely rebuilt. Insurance? Yes, in part. About forty per cent of total loss. But, praise the Lord, it might be worse.

Caxton's Image Prays Over Dead Bodies

For two hours I stood watching the firemen play a stream on the north wall of the Broadway front of the Times ruins, in an effort to topple it over into the yawning cavity to the south. But it was too stout for their onslaught and the cap piece was all they succeeded in dislodging. This section of brick, before it fell, gradually assumed, under the action of the water, a striking resemblance to the father of English printing, William Caxton, even to the square paper cap with which the old wooden engravings crown him. The profile was perfect. Another projection of brick resembled clasped hands, and the knuckles meeting just below the chin of the figure, made it appear as if the spirit of the old printer had invested the brick model and was in the attitude of prayer—a prayer for the score of dead comrades, lying buried under tons of smoking brick and twisted girders. This is no fanciful sketch. I called the attention of at least a dozen men in the American Type Founders' office and the Home Printing office to the resemblance, and they agreed that it was a remarkable sight, which only a printer could fully appreciate.

Curious Coincidence in Regard to Crane

That Harry L. Crane, one of the victims of the Times building wreck, should have been active in uncovering the Steunenberg explosion, wherein a governor of Idaho lost his life, and that subsequently he should have assisted in reporting the trial of Moyer and Haywood of the American Federation of Miners, accused of having instigated that crime, is a curious coincidence. Is it possible that in these recorded facts may lurk a clue, which, if followed, might lead to important developments?

Why "Zee" Has Been Harassed

Many inquiries have been made as to why Felix J. Zeehandelaar should have incurred the enmity of certain labor union adherents to the extent of having a bomb planted in his front yard. These reasons may be advanced: As secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, Zee-

handelaar for years has been in the van of the employers' side in labor disputes. Having the courage of his convictions, "Zee" has never faltered in the performance of his duty, even when, at times, the feeling against him has been intensely bitter. Throughout the struggle that has been carried on periodically, with heat and fierceness, the secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association has not swerved. More than once he has been threatened with violence, anonymously and otherwise. "Zee" is not a large man physically, but he has plenty of nerve. Years ago he was a working newspaper man, and a good one, here as well as in San Francisco and in the northwest. He has occupied his present position for more than twelve years.

How Encell Escaped Death

Grieving at the loss of comrades who met a horrible death in the dynamiting of the Times building, more than one employee of that paper is meditating the freak of destiny that saved him from a similar untoward fate. In the cozy home of C. F. Encell, 3017 Halldale avenue, a wife and two small boys rejoice over the safety of their husband and father, while sorrowing with the wife of Harry Flynn, who, poor fellow, was one of the victims. Two months ago Mr. Encell, who has been in the Times' employ nearly eighteen years, sustained an injury to one of his eyes, which necessitated a temporary respite from work. With what optimism he could muster, he relinquished his place at linotype No. 15 to Harry Flynn, and the latter, at his substitute post of duty, went down to his death.

Quietus Quickly Put on Gas Rumor

It did not take long to dissipate the early rumor that escaping gas might have caused the explosion at the Times building. When the service pipes were uncovered, at the edge of the sidewalk, on Broadway, they were found intact, giving indubitable evidence that a leakage from that source was out of the question. The mains would have been shattered for hundreds of feet back in the event of a gas explosion of the magnitude noted in this instance. Moreover, in the case of a big leak, the stench for several hours preceding the explosion would have been overpowering, and the gas office pestered with calls. There was no such sickening smell discerned, and not a trouble call of any nature filed with the gas company all the evening.

Insurance on the Times Plant

Curiously enough, the Times job department had just entered upon its new fiscal year when the explosion occurred. The stock taking that had closed the day preceding revealed \$46,000 of material on hand on which \$34,000 insurance was carried. In the newspaper department the total loss will reach upward of half a million dollars, with \$250,000 insurance. Fourteen new linotype machines, ordered by wire, came through by express on a passenger train, and are now installed in the auxiliary building, supplementing the reserve plant.

Burns and Rogers Now in Alliance

Politics is not alone in making strange bedfellows. Here are W. J. Burns, detective, who sought to send President Calhoun of the San Francisco United Railroads to jail, and Earl Rogers, lawyer, who tried equally hard to keep Mr. Calhoun from behind the bars, now doing a sort of brother act, both working overtime in their efforts to bring to justice the presumed dynamite plotters, who, a week ago, were responsible for the loss of more than twenty lives, and the wiping out of half a million dollars in property. Rogers is the attorney for the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, and Burns was employed as detective in the present case by Mayor Alexander, on behalf of the city. Burns, as the warmest friend of Francis J. Heney, has no particular love for the Times, which journal has again and again excoriated him for his work in the San Francisco graft cases. At the same time, Detective Burns, who recently took over the American Bankers Association business from the Pinkertons, should be able to uncover the Times explosion. He is one of the best equipped secret service men in the United States, and he is taking a special pride in the work in hand for several reasons. He and Earl Rogers have been at each other's throats, metaphorically, several times, but since fate has thrown them together, former differences will be set aside, at least until the present search is ended. Burns was in Los Angeles in attendance upon the bankers' meeting, when the Times explosion occurred, and he at once volunteered his services in running the criminals to cover. Both Meyer Lissner, who was here from

San Francisco at the time, and Mayor Alexander agreed that the city could not do better than to accept Burns' offer of assistance.

Up to the Governing Board

Large sums are being expended in advertising the California Consolidated Oil Company, the ten million dollar oil corporation, at the head of which is Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans. This stock-selling campaign is furnishing no end of gossip. There is considerable criticism, however, because of the ease with which oil companies and other concerns may have their wares listed for trading, here as well as in San Francisco. The case of the Cleveland Oil Company is one in point. After its prospectus and other papers had been examined and the corporation had been accepted by the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, considerably more stock was found to have been issued than was reported, which was a deception, to say the least. Now, another instance, this one also a so-called Gillett corporation, is uncovered of curious ramifications that threaten the public. As the latter lost close to a million dollars in the Cleveland fiasco, it is insisted that the most rigid examination in the second case is obligatory on the part of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange governing board. Its findings should be given the fullest publicity.

Pasadena Crowding San Diego

Pasadena's two hundred and thirty-two per cent growth in population in the last ten years has given that city nation-wide advertisement. The census figures recently published were not wholly unexpected, although the percentage of increase was greater than the most optimistic had believed possible. When the Long Beach figures are given out from Washington the aggregate, doubtless, will be nearly as large. All of which means that in the next ten years San Diego will have to look to her laurels if she is to retain her population position as the second largest city south of the Tehachapi. From Washington I learn that the Los Angeles figures will be made public early in November. I am still ready to wager that the returns will show a gain of more than two hundred per cent over the figures of 1900, and that this will place us in the front rank of cities of the first class in the gain that has been registered in the last decade.

Echo of Miner Defalcation

There appears to be no clue to Clarence Miner, the stock broker who disappeared from Los Angeles a few weeks ago as completely if the earth had swallowed him. In that connection there may be proceedings before the Los Angeles Bar Association that will involve a well-known member. It is stated that Miner sought to interest this attorney in his behalf, to whom he is stated to have paid one thousand dollars. The lawyer is alleged to have rendered no actual service in return, and Miner's creditors, several of whom lost heavily by the broker's defalcation, have been demanding that the money be paid back for the benefit of the creditors. This the attorney has emphatically declined to do, hence the promised proceedings. Meanwhile, Mrs. Miner has instituted a divorce suit against her recreant husband.

Harmony at Johnson Banquet

At the Hiram Johnson banquet, Saturday night, where the guests of honor, next to the head of the Republican ticket, were E. A. Meserve, P. A. Stanton and Congressman McLachlan, the general feeling was one of enthusiastic harmony, made especially so because of the insistence by Speaker Stanton that he is in the present campaign, heart and soul, for the state ticket as a unit. It is gossip in political circles that from now on, General Otis' newspaper will support Hiram Johnson with considerable enthusiasm.

Broadway Banks May Consolidate

Again there is talk of the consolidation of at least two banks located on Broadway. The new concern, in the event that the plans under way mature, will make one of the strong financial institutions of the city. At this writing I am not justified to say more on the subject.

Two Fine Coastwise Steamers Coming

Two fine steamers will soon be on the way from New York to Los Angeles and San Francisco in the Harvard and the Yale, which vessels are to be placed in coastwise commission, between local ports and Puget Sound. These twin ships are said to be especially desirable, both for speed and comfort. They are expected to make the trip from here to San Francisco and Seattle one of pure pleasure, instead of the tedious affair it has been

in the past. Each vessel is capable of steaming more than twenty knots an hour, and their fittings are modern in all details. They will put into San Pedro on the way to San Francisco. The voyage from New York will consume about fifty days.

Tom Woolwine's Sensation Overshadowed

There has been a dearth of politics all the week, due to the fact that the Times explosion has held the stage as a matter of deep public interest. But for the latter coming how and when it did, it is conceded that the Woolwine charges against the incumbent of the district attorney's office would have created more of a stir. Later on, doubtless, their reiteration will provoke much acrid discussion. Tom Woolwine is disposed to go the limit, and his vigorous accusations are likely to overshadow all other local features of the coming campaign. That Captain Fredericks will put up an equally stiff defense is not disputed. Months ago I predicted that the fight for the district attorneyship would furnish the sensation of the campaign.

Postmaster Harrison's Good Work

Now that the new federal building has been formally dedicated to the public service in behalf of the community, I extend a vote of thanks to Postmaster Harrison and his associates for the thorough manner in which the work of moving and installing the official lares and penates was done. Apparently, it was all accomplished without the loss of a minute's time to anybody. I happen to know that the postmaster and certain of his subordinates did not leave their posts for forty-eight hours, which will give an idea of the magnitude of the demands made upon them.

General Sherman's Travel Party

There will soon be en route a party of visitors from this city to points beyond, whose travel outing will be made possible by the liberality of Gen. M. H. Sherman, who has pleasantly conceived the idea of giving his young friends and relatives a travel tour of the United States as a sort of educational treat. A private car has been engaged, and the visit east is to be by way of the Canadian Pacific. General Sherman is an ideal host, and that his guests will have a jolly outing is assured.

Local Characters in the Public Eye

G. W. Luce is given marked attention in the October Hampton's, in which publication Charles E. Russell is devoting his pen to alleged railway oppression of shippers in Southern California. Another well-known name is that of J. H. Call, who is commended for his work as prosecutor of the Southern Pacific railway and for the recovery of large areas of the public lands for the people. Mr. Luce is well known here, where he served as assistant general freight and passenger agent of the Southern Pacific for many years. Since 1905 he has been the company's general freight agent in San Francisco. He comes to Los Angeles four or five times a year and still retains his membership in the California and Jonathan clubs.

Japanese and U. S. Cruisers Coming

In four or five weeks there will anchor in San Pedro harbor two of the crack cruisers of the Japanese navy, the squadron being at that time en route to South America, with graduates of the Japanese naval academy on board. Also in November there will anchor off Santa Barbara the U. S. cruisers Colorado, Pennsylvania and California, on the way south for target practice. It is not certain that the two naval forces will meet, although an attempt will be made to have them in local waters at the same time.

Gurney Newlin's Non-success Hunting

From the Garlands, way down in Maine, have come two postals, one depicting Gurney Newlin in hot pursuit of a big moose, in the act of crossing Moosehead Lake, the other showing a small black bear in the woods adjacent to the Rangeley lakes, with Gurney trying to get a pot shot at him. The colonel writes: "Disappointed in the endeavor to catch the moose, which was an excellent specimen. Gurney tried to sneak up on the innocent little bear, but was equally unsuccessful." Let me express the hope that he will not be so unfortunate in his pursuit of other and likelier game.

Pacific Coast Visitors in China

Willis H. Booth, who is heading the representatives of the Pacific coast chambers of commerce in their tour of China, does not expect to be home until Christmas. He writes from Hong Kong that the party had an uneventful trip across the Pacific, and that they were greeted by reports of renewed boxer troubles when they reached that port. Mr. Booth and his associates plan to travel as far

as they can on the Yangtze river. It is fondly hoped that their visit will result in accrued trade benefit to the Pacific coast.

L. A. P. Activity Continues

Work on improving the Los Angeles Pacific is to be rushed forward. Already a force of more than five hundred men is at work rehabilitating the Hollywood line, which will be second to none in the country when completed. That the projected tunnels and subways are to be built without undue delay is assured. Meanwhile, the appetite for acquiring acreage between Los Angeles and Santa Monica continues unabated. Values in that direction have steadily advanced since January.

IS LITERATURE BANKRUPT?

MANY bookish people and thoughtful ones have taken cognizance of the pessimistic dirge recently chanted by a Chicago publication over the corpse of modern literature. The dirge is entertainingly written, and not a few of its shots hit the mark, as, "Our modern speculative fever has got into literature." Insofar as the commercial spirit has dominated literature has it weakened and tarnished it, without doubt. But with this concession, there is little or nothing more to concede for the general position taken that modern literature is bankrupt.

We might suggest to our contemporary a re-reading of history with a view to learning that the way of things is change—a change that most of us call growth. It was pointed out in these columns several months ago that the true tendency in letters was probably toward the democratic ideal of diffusion, that the height of literary art had been achieved long ago, and that the whole trend of letters would be, from now on, toward a multiplicity of the votaries of the art. But even this guess was not hazarded upon so astonishing a base as is the dirge of the Dial. We did not pretend to reason from a personal knowledge of the quality of the present enormous output of the press. There must be literally thousands of modern books and scores of publications whose names are unknown to the Chicago pessimist. And it is possible, entirely possible, that among these thousands of books and scores of periodicals there may be a good and true work, even such work as would pass muster in the Dial office, were the latter large enough to contain the output, and its work days should be turned into years, so that the product might be tested.

We cannot agree that literature is bankrupt, nor that one must look far into the future for a new literature. Necessarily, people who look backward and forward have little time to look around in the immediate. The new literature is here. We are wading in it. It is falling all around us, and we cannot see it. Literature as a specialized art has ceased and literature as a means to an end is here. Art for art's sake is an empty thing, as empty as is love for love's sake. When anything becomes an end in itself, then it begins to decay, and the decay is rapid. The fruit of love for love's sake, or of art for art's sake, is dead sea fruit. The problem play and the purpose novel are wont to get on our nerves now and then—well, there is a vast wealth of art for art's sake in letters behind us to which we can turn in an instant for rest and peace, for joy and love and beauty and all the other smug beatitudes.

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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

Edgar Beecher Bronson's fine descriptive pictures contained in "Reminiscences of a Ranchman" are rightly said to have been drawn with "a pen fashioned in civilization, but dipped in the golden shimmer of the western plains." There is an indescribable charm about everything that Bronson writes that grips the reader's attention and compels admiration. His style is strong and vividly picturesque, and he invests the common incidents of the rude ranger's life with a romantic interest that is truly delightful. The present edition of his "Reminiscences" loses naught of its power in the fact that it is a revision. His recent account of his hunting trip "In Closed Territory," has but recalled these tales from the barren plains and made a re-reading fuller of zest. Just recovering from a siege of brain fever, induced by the strenuous labors of a special assignment by the New York Tribune, it was a pale, insignificant (according to cowboy standards), youth, apparently, who, in the early seventies stepped from the Overland Express at Cheyenne, Wyo., one bright day in June. Fired by an overpowering desire to be a cowboy, there was grit and determination in the "Kid" that the chaffing of his rough mates could not turn. He describes his education as a "puncher," his trials and tribulations as a "tenderfoot," and his feats of daring that won for him his recognition as a "stayer" and of worthy metal, beginning with his conquest of "Walkingbars," the outlaw bronco, and his trip across the trackless waste from near Owl Creek to N. R. Davis' ranch, a good twenty miles away, driving an unruly cow and her untractable calf, under orders from Con Humphrey. His experiences as a tenderfoot owner, including the quelling of a mutiny, the adventure with "rustlers" and various tales told about the campfire, after the evening meal, are valuable as records, as well as amusing portrayals of days and types in the country's history now fast becoming only hazy memories. He ranges up and down the western plains among the sage brush and mesquit, defying death by rattlers and bullets, from Wyoming and the Dakotas to Texas, and even over the border into Mexico; reproduces a few of the cruelly picturesque ceremonies of the red man, sympathetically interprets the picture record of the conquest of a great tribe, painted by Little Finger Nails, one of Dull Knife's own braves, in 1876, and recites exciting encounters with Indians, together with other stirring occurrences from the lives of successful ranchmen in the wild and woolly days of the west.

From the annals of "The Red Blooded," is a collection of detached yarns, many seeming to be hastier literary efforts and others to have been preserved from his reportorial days. Taken collectively, they are not so workmanlike as the "Reminiscences," but the sketches from the cattle ranges, as might be expected, are fine pieces of work. Here Bronson is perfectly at home and master of all details. The abrupt manners, the fearless, cheery abandon with which the cattlemen faced death, the humor and pathos of the average daily life of these devil-may-care fellows and their rough good-heartedness is recounted by one in whose voice is to be noted a fond lingering as over happy memories—one who sees beneath the harsh, threatening exterior a tender and better nature. Mixed with these warm-blooded tales are two serial stories, that are

curious studies, one concerning the daring of Washington Harrison Donaldson, acrobat and balloonist, and the other a trip with Donaldson and several reporters, representatives of five New York papers, in the "Bar-num's" famous long-distance voyage in 1874. A Spanish romance, wherein a bull fighter, El Tigre, figures in a colorful amour and several postscripts from his African trip, not included in his big game hunt "In Closed Territory," lends variety. ("Reminiscences of a Ranchman" and "The Red Blooded." By Edgar Beecher Bronson. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"The Frontiersman"

Indians, missionaries, miners, adventurers, male and female, and, in fact, all the usual and conventional characters of northern frontier fiction march in procession through the pages of "The Frontiersman;" no, not "march," for it is a tale of "stirring adventure." Klossan is an Indian settlement converted to the one true religion by the hero missionary, Keith Steadman. Keith is an anomalous combination of valor, strength and piety. For ten years he leads the natives in the paths of righteousness prescribed by his particular creed. Then white men come with whisky, and there is the deuce to pay for more than three hundred pages, in which are many exciting adventures. There are robbery of sluice boxes, strikes of pay ore, midnight battles with wolves, tales of treachery, white and red, shortage of provisions, long tramps through the white silences, robbery and murder. Also, there is Grace Radhurst, the beautiful heroine, who is finally won by Keith, and they return to civilization and live happily ever afterward. It is such a book as is wont to thrill the unsophisticated. Its "appeal" is direct and fetching. It may become a popular success even. Its author is H. A. Cody, of whom it is impossible to suspect a personal acquaintance with either the frontier or Alaska, but he has turned out an interesting story, full of good, hard thrills, one that easily catches and holds the keen attention of many readers who do not care for "such stupid novels" as those of George Meredith—where you have to pay strict attention all the time to every particular turn and twist of a puzzling phraseology and a cryptic mannerism. There are no such annoyances in Mr. Cody's speedy tale. You can read swiftly, and something happens in every chapter. ("The Frontiersman," a tale of the Yukon. By H. A. Cody. George H. Doran Co.)

Mrs. Charles Forman of South Flower street was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a luncheon of fourteen covers, given at the Jonathan Club. The affair was daintily appointed and was one of the most enjoyable of the week's calendar.

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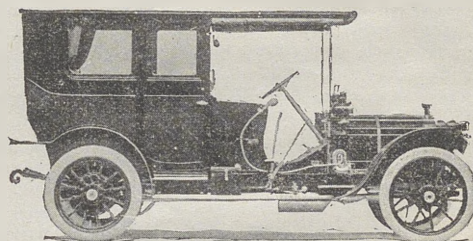
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By Waldo F. Chase

[Note: In the absence of Mrs. Lott, Mr. Chase will have charge of the musical page of The Graphic and all communications intended for this department should be forwarded to him at 2107 Oak street not later than Tuesday of each week. His telephone number is (Home) 21162.—Editor of The Graphic.]

Mr. Harley Hamilton, the genial conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, returned Monday from a four months' sojourn in Europe. Two of these were passed in Munich, where Mr. Hamilton especially enjoyed a series of most interesting performances of the music of Richard Strauss, under the composer's own direction. He pronounced the very modern and usually obscure music of Strauss much clarified under the master's own direction, and he listened with the greatest delight to the programs of symphonic, chamber and vocal music, as well as to the grand operas. He describes Strauss as a genial, sensible, level-headed man, and a conductor who is not at all spectacular in his methods. In strong contrast to this series of performances, was a season of Mozart opera in the Residenz Theater. There is a tendency, that is being strongly felt, to take up the neglected classics, and the probability is that the general public is better able to appreciate them now than at the time these compositions were written. Mr. Hamilton heard also much Wagner opera, including the early and rarely given operas. The well-known local director is looking extremely well, and is enthusiastic over the prospects for this season's work.

Newly elected officers of the Dominant Club are announced to be as follows: President, Miss Jennie Winston; vice-president, Mrs. Edwin G. Voigt; secretary, Mrs. Jennie Hagen Goodwin; financial secretary, Miss Lalla Fagge; treasurer, Mrs. Norma Rockhold Robbins. Membership committee: Mrs. J. G. Ogilvie, chairman; Mrs. Katherine Kimball Forest, Miss Katherine C. Ebbert; program committee: Mrs. Gertrude Parsons, chairman; Miss Alice Coleman, Miss Harriet Johnson; social committee: Mrs. L. J. Selby.

Miss Mary Carter, a pupil of Mrs. Carl Alves of Leipzig, is sojourning in Los Angeles, and will probably be heard in recital before her return to Europe in the spring.

What is a new and interesting combination of local artists is a mixed quartet consisting of Mrs. Bertha W. Vaughn, Mrs. Estelle Heartt-Dreyfus, Mr. Roland Paul and Mr. Harry Clifford Lott. The first work to be essayed will be the beautiful "Gypsy Songs" of Brahms. The quartet will be heard in recital in Los Angeles and elsewhere.

Katherine Fiske, the well-known soprano, will pass several months here this winter. It is hoped that the music loving public may have an opportunity to enjoy her most artistic work.

Mr. Harry Clifford Lott is arranging for two song recitals, the first, a miscellaneous program, to take place January 26, and the second, a Kipling program, will include the "Just So" songs, set by Edward German, and the "Bar-

rack Room Ballads," with Arthur Whiting's music. Kipling's strong poems have found favor with a number of good song writers, and a Kipling program should be both interesting and unique.

Miss Gertrude Cohen, the talented young Los Angeles pianiste, is back again in Vienna after a few weeks' vacation in Oberammergau, Nuremberg, Munich and elsewhere. In Munich she was the guest of Mr. Kuenrich, formerly of this city, and met many Los Angeles friends while there. Miss Cohen is working most conscientiously with Mr. Leschitzky, and reports of her splendid playing are most flattering. Miss Cohen is enthusiastic over her master's wonderful genius, both as teacher and player. In spite of his more than eighty years, he has all the enthusiasm and fire of a young man, and is conscientious and painstaking to the last degree. His well-known impatience with mediocrity makes him impossible for any but a gifted student, but for the latter he is an inspiration. Miss Cohen will begin shortly to concertize in the leading European musical centers.

Murray M. Harris Company of this city will soon install a fine new organ in St. Paul's Pro-cathedral. Mr. Ernest Douglas, the organist, is to be congratulated that at last he is to have an instrument worthy of his fine ability. The organ is to have three manuals, though practically a four manual organ, the echo organ being played from the choir manual. It is to be a divided organ of sixty-two stops, the echo being enclosed in the swell box, with a swell box of its own. A set of chimes also will be included, and the pedal organ will have a fine, thirty-two foot reed.

Under the auspices of the Organists' Guild, a new choral society has been successfully organized. It is a chorus of mixed voices, and is under the direction of Mr. Ernest Douglas. Its second rehearsal was held Tuesday evening, with an attendance of thirty-two, and was marked by much enthusiasm. Work has been begun on Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Stanford's "Awake, My Heart." It is hoped that a large chorus, capable of doing heavy work, may be developed from this beginning, and additions to the membership are desired. Rehearsals are to be held Tuesday evenings at St. Paul's parish house, where applicants will be received. A concert is to be given in December. Mr. A. J. Stamm is accompanist.

Miss Mary L. O'Donoghue has been heard from recently in Berlin, where she has been studying with Lhevinne. She expects to enter the professional field there as an accompanist.

An opera company, which will perhaps be a formidable rival to the Metropolitan, will be organized for the Amsterdam Theater in New York. The impressario will be the well-known French baritone, Victor Maurel, who is confident that there is room for another good opera house in New York. Maurel promises to give as many novelties as practicable, which should be good news to the New York opera goers. The repertoire will include "Falstaff," "Contes d'Hoffman," "Thais," "Aphrodite," "The Bells," the "Jongleur," "Arnude," "Don Juan," "Aida," etc. Maurel advocates opera for Americans in the English language.

Mme. Liza Lehman is ambitious to enter the operatic field, and is casting about for a suitable libretto. She should succeed admirably with a romantic subject.

Gadski has a protege in the person of Mabel Riegelmann, an Oakland, California, girl. She will appear in opera

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in Chicago, under the direction of Andreas Dippel, and also in concert with Madam Gadski. California is sending out an amazing number of talented young persons.

Xavier Scharwenka, pianist, composer and teacher, has severed his connection with the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory in Berlin. He purposes devoting his time to concertizing, and arrangements have been made for an American tour next season.

Giacomo Puccini, who is soon to produce his new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," is said to be frightfully nervous over the outcome of his latest venture. He probably has visions of the noble army of New York critics. The leading characters in the new opera are to be impersonated by Mme. Destinn, Caruso and Amato.

Giulio Gatti-Casazza will be re-engaged at the Metropolitan Opera House for the season of 1911-12, and probably longer. The company achieved a tremendous success in Paris last spring.

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By Everett C. Maxwell

Recently, the following question was put to me by one who had evidently been thinking long upon the subject: "Are all the artists in Los Angeles masters, or are you critics noodle-heads?" Rather bluntly put, is it not? But at the same time very telling. The person who uttered these words was by no means an illiterate, uncouth individual. True, he was not a connoisseur, nor had he the advantage of an art training, or even the veneer or near culture of the continental traveler, who gradually succeeds in rubbing off the rough edges upon the corner stones and buttresses of ancient art. He was a normal, down-to-date, wideawake American, seeking light upon a dark subject, a fair representative of a large majority who are opening their eyes for the first time upon the fact that art in America, and in our own great southwest, has taken firm root in fertile soil; that it is a healthy sprouting and not a brief and sporadic effervescence due to exciting extraneous conditions.

With this new knowledge in mind, the laymen have become seekers after broader truth, more exhaustive research upon the subject. They reason that if art has become a vital factor in our commonwealth, something that will be encountered on every hand, met with in public and in private life, upon the park square and in the tea room, it cannot be snubbed. It must be addressed, and in fitting terms. Hence, a personal intercourse is necessary with its sponsors before an intimacy can be established with the engaging stranger. It is a characteristic of the American people to keep apace with the times. If something new and untried presents itself, we are not satisfied until we have tested its quality to find what it has in store for our benefit.

I at once discovered in my quizzical friend the prototype of the progressive mind baffled by a new problem, unwilling to be conquered, fighting to establish a standard of art in order to make a wise judgment. In the conversation which followed upon the interesting theme involved in his question, I found him to be a well-to-do business man, endeavoring to acquire an understanding of the painter's art. He explained that he had attended all local exhibitions for the last five years, had gone carefully through the various collections, accepting some, rejecting others, only to find upon reading the several well-written art reviews which appear weekly, that each and every one was teeming with merit. "Am I to understand," he continued, "that all the exhibitions are possessed of equal merit? If this is the case, I am a hopeless imbecile and might just as well go out of this art game now as at a later time."

When one really gives the matter careful consideration he may decide that our friend has discovered a truth. He is like the majority of those who attend art exhibitions. They are relying almost wholly upon the opinion of another, and far too often the critic forgets that he is writing for the benefit of the inquiring public and that his article should carry with it a message of truth that will guide misdirected steps aright. I understand and admire the motive that prompts leniency and generosity in public criticism, thus to encourage art in its struggle for existence, but far too often these criticisms take, to an excessive de-

gree, the form of personal chats with the artist himself, making much over his merits and excusing his mistakes for encouragement's sake, while the misled public staggers about in outer darkness, accepting the bad along with the good. This is not only doing the layman an injustice, but it is arming the painter with the deadly weapon of self-esteem and self-satisfaction with which he is sure to do himself harm sooner or later.

Art is the noblest of professions, but there seems to be an opinion prevalent that it may be used as a cloak to cover inefficiency, dependence on others, a mask for charity. If your shoemaker should peg you a bad sole, you would have no more of him. If your mason built you a chimney that would not draw, would you excuse his blunder on the ground that he was still an apprentice and would, no doubt, one day become a master hand? That would be noble, but ten to one you would do no such thing. You should say, "Let him become efficient in the seclusion of his own workshop." His public sany challenges criticism. If you accept the bad sole and overlook the ruined chimney, you do these workmen actual harm. How will they ever correct their errors unless they are held up to censure? Criticism should be, and is, to the right-minded individual, as sap is to the tree, the bane to the war horse. It is only the small, unlettered soul who cannot take criticism, and he, poor wretch, is his own enemy. The artist and the critic should have so much in common that they could meet as man to man and discuss the bad (by way of variety) without bitterness of feeling. Alas, this is universally not the case, for often at the end of the interview each sets the other down as a knave, and nothing has been gained.

We know that out of a thousand clever painters only ten ever become artists of achievement. No doubt, hundreds of excellent carpenters and boilermakers have been sacrificed to make inferior artists. Is it the critic's duty to say to the public, "This man can create a superior rattrap, but he can not write a good sonnet?" "How do you know his sonnets are poorly done?" you ask.

"Why," I answer, "I measure them by my established standard."

"Is your established standard sound?" you question.

"Who can tell? It has stood the test of time. What higher court of appeal can I consult?"

In establishing a standard by which to judge paintings, there are several safe courses to pursue, the choice depending upon the critic's estimate of the importance of the work to be reviewed. He may take for his standard the best local work, the best national work, or the best work of the world; but for the sake of justice, both to the public and to the painter, let him have a standard worthy the profession and administer truth and justice to the best of his ability.

By the death of Winslow Homer, the great marine painter, which occurred at his home in Scarborough, September 19, America lost one of its most original and able artists. He had been ill for four weeks and was seventy-four years old the day he died. An intimate friend tells me that he had lived practically the life of a hermit in the unique Scarborough studio for several years past. His strong work many years ago won for him a conceded place as one of the important pioneers of American art.

College of Fine Arts, U. S. C., picture galleries were reopened for the season Thursday evening, October 6, with a private view and reception



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given by the faculty. The notable feature on this occasion was the splendid exhibition of oils, watercolors, pastels and etchings by the teachers. Prof. William Lees Judson shows his late work in oils and watercolors, the subjects for which are drawn from the Arroyo Seco, Catalina Island and Tropic Canyon, and include several of his best efforts. Of great interest are the examples of impressionist art shown by Nell Danely Brooker, whose work in oils is rapidly winning favor for this talented young woman, not only locally but in the east as well. The exhibition, which is large and varied, will receive a full review in next week's issue of The Graphic. A special feature of this opening reception was an address by Professor Judson at the close of which he presented the annual gold medal of the school to Miss Marguerite Vignes for her high standard of work during her four years' course of study at the college.



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Mr. and Mrs. Willis Shuman Jones of Inglewood Ranch, Pomona, announce the betrothal of the latter's daughter, Miss Grace Elizabeth Shoemaker, to Mr. Charles Howard Burnett of Redondo Beach. In honor of the bride-elect Mrs. Harry B. Ainsworth will entertain this evening with an informal supper party at her attractive Redondo Beach home, the guests including a coterie of Los Angeles friends. The marriage will take place soon after the first of the year, and Redondo Beach will be the home of the happy pair. Both the bride-elect and her betrothed have many friends among the exclusive society folk of Los Angeles, to whom news of their engagement will be of special interest. Miss Shoemaker, who is a talented violinist, is the only daughter of the late Dr. E. T. Shoemaker, who, up to the time of his death, in 1895, was, for many years, one of the most prominent physicians of Los Angeles. Since the death of her father, Miss Shoemaker has passed much time in Oak Park, Chicago, and more lately has made her home in Claremont, where her step-father, a civil engineer of recognized standing and ability, has a large ranch. She has a wide circle of Los Angeles friends who will welcome her virtual return to this city. Mr. Burnett, who is general manager of the Los Angeles & Redondo Railway Company, is popular in Los Angeles. He comes of a cultured family, is literary in his tastes and highly regarded for his many accomplishments.

Los Angeles society folk this week have been zealous hosts and hostesses to the visiting bankers, their wives, daughters and mothers, who are in attendance on the bankers' convention and its complementary round of social entertainments. A thoroughly enjoyable program of events has been featured this week. Monday evening the bankers were feasted at a banquet given by the Los Angeles Clearing House Association. That same evening the women were taken to the Majestic Theater and afterward had supper at the Alexandria grill. Tuesday, the Jonathan Club opened its doors to the visitors and that evening one of the most magnificent balls of the year was given at the Shrine Auditorium. Only three hundred invitations were issued to the Los Angeles bankers and the entire affair was brilliantly appointed. Wednesday and Thursday were given over to sightseeing, trips to Pasadena, the beaches and about the city. A number of informal affairs were included in the program of entertainments, but the most resplendent of the events in the visitors' honor was the garden party given yesterday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny in Chester place. Mrs. Doheny, as gracious hostess, and Mrs. Stoddard Jess, chairman of the committee for the entertainment of the visiting women, were assisted in receiving by Mes. Meredith P. Snyder, J. Alton, J. P. Burke, W. C. Bryan, George I. Cochran, J. Ross Clark, L. D. Compton, J. C. Drake, M. H. Flint, J. E. Fishburn, C. F. Gatch, J. B. Gist, J. A. Graves, W. Gillelen, R. P. Hillman, W. N. Hamaker, M. S. Hellman, Marco Hellman, W. R. Hervey, W. T. S. Hammond, A. B. Jones, Phillip Kitchin, J. H. Kerr, W. H. Luiz, Arthur Letts, W. D. Longyear, W. E. McVey, H. W. O'Melveny, J. M. Phelps, E. S. Pauly, W. C. Patterson, J. D. Radford, R. I. Rogers, O. M. Souden, R. W. Smith, H. F. Stewart, R. L. Sievier, Perry Weidner, W. W. Wood, W. D. Woolwine, I. N. Van Nuys, S. F. Zombro

and H. F. McKee. Mrs. W. H. Holliday, chairman of the house reception committee, was assisted by Mes. Leslie C. Brand, A. C. Bilicke, W. A. Barker, E. T. Stimson, Joseph F. Sartori and W. J. Washburn. Mrs. Russell J. Waters, chairman of the refreshments committee, was assisted by Mes. A. J. Waters, Willits J. Hole, W. J. Callender, O. J. Wigdal and Boyle Workman. Mrs. M. P. Snyder, chairman of the tea garden committee, had as her assistants, Mes. F. H. Nichols, T. E. Coke, Jay Spence and R. W. Kenney. Tea was served in the garden by dainty Japanese maids in native attire. On the punch committee, of which Mrs. Eugene Pettigrew was chairman, were Mes. W. E. Dunn, E. D. Silent, J. H. Harter and Michael J. Connell. They were assisted by the Mes. Agnes Hole, Mabel Waters, Florence Waters, G. Duffet, Catherine Smith, Ethel Alton, Madeline Souden, Celine Gist, Marie Nichols and Lucile Hellman. Mrs. William Richards, chairman of the flower committee, was assisted by Mrs. T. E. Newlin, Mrs. M. R. King, Mrs. William Shaw, Miss Elliott, Miss Kate Van Nuys, Miss Sallie Utley and Miss Marjorie Utley.

In honor of Mrs. James W. Gerard, wife of Judge Gerard of New York city, who is visiting here with her aunts, Mrs. J. Ross Clark of 710 West Adams street and Mrs. Joseph A. Lewis of 2311 Juliet street, Mrs. Clark entertained Wednesday with a luncheon of twelve covers. The table was arranged with Killarney roses and ferns, and guests included Mesdames Alfred Solano, Michael J. Connell, Walter S. Newhall, Randolph H. Miner, James M. Cockins, Joseph A. Lewis, Ernest A. Bryant, Hugh Livingstone Macneil, I. N. Van Nuys, Edwin T. Earl and Henry Carleton Lee.

One of the most attractive of the week's society affairs was the reception and dance given Thursday evening at the Ebell Club by Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Souden. More than two hundred invitations were issued for the event. The clubhouse was artistically decorated, ferns and quantities of roses and carnations having been combined in graceful affect. Following the reception, dancing and cards were enjoyed. Assisting the host and hostess in receiving were Dr. and Mrs. Henderson Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Radford, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lacy, Mr. and Mrs. Worth Dodge, and Mrs. Frank E. Walsh and Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Shaeff.

In a delightful manner members of the younger set are feting Mrs. Erwin Armstrong, formerly Miss Katherine Graves, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Graves, at their Alhambra home. Mrs. Armstrong, whose wedding was a winter event, is a general favorite among the young folk, and her stay here will be the motif for a merry round of informal affairs. Monday, Mrs. Harold Cook, who before her marriage was Miss Virginia Johnson, gave a small luncheon in Mrs. Armstrong's honor. The decorations were in yellow and green. Tuesday was the occasion of a brilliant tea given for the visitor at the Los Angeles Country Club by Miss Kate Van Nuys, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys of West Sixth street. Covers were laid for fifty and the decorations were in Madam Chatney roses, while place cards were handpainted with sprays of roses. Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Kate Van Nuys enjoyed an extended trip abroad together just before the former's marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Glasell and their daughter, Miss Andrietta, have returned from Balboa Beach, where they enjoyed the summer months, and are at their attractive home in Glendale. Miss Glasell, whose engagement to Mr. Clark Somers was an-



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nounced early in the summer, is being delightfully entertained by her friends with a series of pre-nuptial affairs.

The largest single party ever to leave Los Angeles on a tour around the world, arrived at Yokohama Wednesday morning on the S.S. Minnesota, under the direction of D. F. Robertson, manager of the steamship department of the German-American Savings Bank. This party, which was en route to Japan, China, Korea, Manchuria, Malay Peninsula, Burmah, India, Ceylon, Egypt and Europe, is making one of the most complete trips that has been made under the auspices of the

bank. Much time will be passed in Japan, Korea, Manchuria, India and many of the party will remain in Europe for two years. Those who are members are Mrs. Mary Norris, Mrs. Frances L. Roe, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Swope, Mr. and Mrs. W. Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Burns, Miss E. Burns and maid, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McConnell, Dr. and Mrs. James Dock, Prof. Samuel T. Black, Miss Pauline Black, Miss M. D. Bloomer, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bushnell, Mrs. Alice H. Dodd, Judge E. G. Henry, Mrs. Emma Markham, Mr. D. M. Markham, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jameson, Mr. J. G. Jameson, Miss

Eloise Jameson, Miss Hetty Jameson, Miss Adelaide Jameson, Miss Bernice Jameson, Dr. and Mrs. James Trotter, Dr. and Mrs. A. Tucker, Mr. A. D. Reithmuller, Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Miller and family of seven.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley Williams announce the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Dixie Williams, to Mr. J. Arthur Farnsworth, Jr. The wedding will take place Wednesday, October 19, at the home of the bride's parents in Kenneth, Kan. Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth, after a short wedding trip, will return to Los Angeles and will be at home to their friends at the Richards apartments, 1027 Valencia street.

Picturesquely attractive was the wedding Tuesday afternoon of Miss Heloise Hequembourg of Pasadena and Mr. William Vernon Graham of San Diego, the ceremony being celebrated in the garden of the John W. Mitchell home, "Lomita," at First street and Vermont avenue. The bride, who was a close friend of Mrs. Mitchell, wore a handsome gown of white satin, veiled with white chiffon and trimmed with Duchesse lace. She wore a long tulle veil and carried lilies of the valley. Miss Evelyn Chapman of Chapman place, San Gabriel, was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Misses Dorothea King, Alberta Jones, Marion Pomeroy and Olive Heiss of Pasadena. Mr. Frank Scott of San Diego was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. C. H. Douglas Fox of Los Angeles, Reginald Deming, George Grimm and Clifton Hurd of Pasadena.

Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Woods of Kansas City, Mo., who have been guests this summer at Hotel Virginia, are enjoying a short stay here before returning to their eastern home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin G. Voigt have moved to their new home at 249 Ardmore avenue, where Mrs. Voigt and her mother, Mrs. Mary O. Parcels, will be at home the first and third Fridays.

Mrs. W. I. Hollingsworth has returned from a seven weeks' visit in San Francisco and is again at her home, 1103 Lake street.

Saturday, October 1, Miss C. Jacobson entertained informally at luncheon at the Mt. Washington Hotel. Covers were laid for seventeen. The luncheon was followed by cards, those present were: Misses Jacobson, Grace A. Laughlin, Grace V. Hovey, Mabel H. Jesson, Mabel F. Gray, G. Muriel Henderson, Phronia F. Peckham, Alice L. Wardwell, Julia Hook and Mrs. Mary Thompson of Los Angeles, Misses Addie Doran, Ida E. Morrison, Edith Morrison and Alice C. Gray of Redondo Beach, Mrs. Florence Starr Elbert, Misses Olmstead and C. A. Murgs of Long Beach.

Today the Los Angeles Law School will give its annual dinner at the Mt. Washington Hotel. The large banquet room is to be used, and covers will be laid for two hundred and thirty-five. The tables will be elaborately decorated with the school colors furnishing the central design.

Mrs. W. T. Nordholt entertained at dinner at the Mt. Washington, Thursday. The glass dining room was used, and the table was decorated with chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. Covers were laid for ten, and the dinner was followed by cards.

Mrs. M. E. Johnson of 4323 North Griffin avenue has issued invitations for a bridge luncheon, to be given at her home Wednesday afternoon, October 19.

Miss Virginia Nourse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Nourse of 21 Berkeley square, entertained a number of girl friends at her home Wednesday afternoon, the affair being in compliment to Miss Mary Richardson

and Miss Katherine Banning, the latter having recently returned from the east, where she has been attending school. Covers were laid for forty-five guests, the young women being seated at small tables, which were artistically decorated with baskets of Cecil Brunner roses and maidenhair ferns.

One of the most delightful of the recent affairs was the luncheon and bridge party given by Mrs. Frank M. Kelsey in honor of Mrs. Willard Stimson, who has just returned from an extended trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Wetmore Halsey of Orange, N. J., have issued cards for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Frances Halsey, to Mr. Albridge Clinton Smith, Jr., the ceremony to take place Thursday evening, October 20, at the Hillside Presbyterian church, Orange, N. J. The church service will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 150 Montrose avenue, South Orange. Mr. N. W. Halsey, father of the bride-elect, is the head of the well-known bond house of New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles, and local interest otherwise is attached to the wedding by the fact that the mother of the bride is a cousin of Mrs. Samuel Travers Clover of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., and their young son, W. A. Clark, III., have returned from an extended trip abroad and are guests at Hotel Van Nuys.

Among the Los Angelans registering recently at the Arrowhead Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. Stattleman, Mrs. J. M. Dunn, children and maid, Mr. H. Henick, Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hubbard, Mr. C. Black, Mr. H. W. Davis, Mr. R. R. Davis, Mr. A. Smith, Mr. C. Hamilton Gray, Miss Marie Ross, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Christopher, Mr. Frank Heron, Mr. and Mrs. C. Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Stewart, Mr. Thomas Ball, Mr. Frank Drake, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Krohn, Mr. William Lund, Mr. G. H. Gehring, Mr. James V. Baldwin, Mr. James A. Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Longley, Mr. Tom Noble, Mr. I. F. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kelman, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Webber, Mr. O. T. Johnson, Mr. F. A. Buchanan, Mr. William Lund, Mr. and Mrs. James Forbes, Dr. and Mrs. G. J. Lund, Mr. Rol King, Mr. George Kirkwood, Mrs. Samuel Travers Clover, Mr. D. W. Dornsife, Mr. M. L. Effinger, Mrs. E. N. Haugermin, Miss L. A. Schulenberg, Mrs. Ruth Comstock, Miss E. Skelley, Mr. W. D. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Luton, Mr. J. M. Skelley, Miss Lottie E. Palmer, Miss Grace Perkins, Mrs. M. E. Lyons and Mrs. M. L. Dailey, Mrs. Purcell, Miss E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Whittaker, Mr. H. Schroettler, Dr. S. R. Chamley, Mr. William Schneider, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Maginnis and Mr. Louis Hippe.



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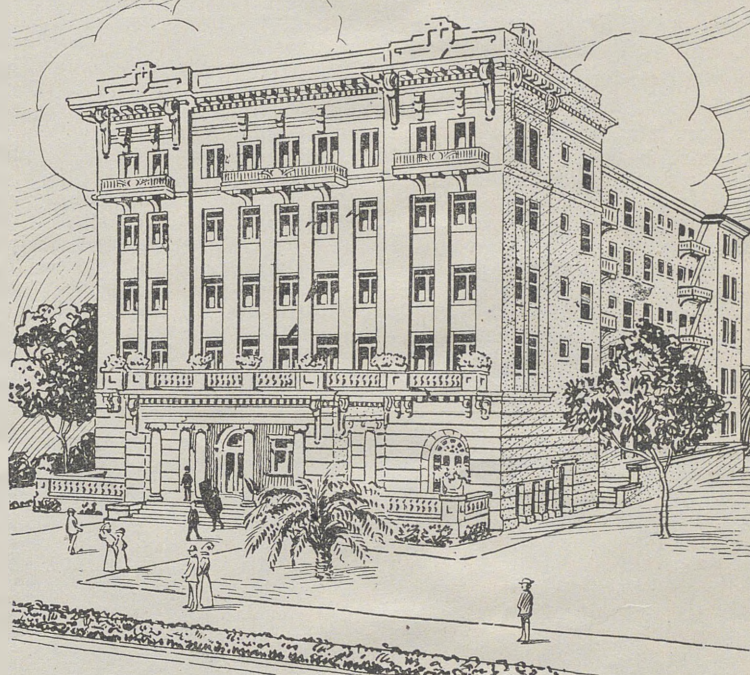
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Every lover of light opera who has failed to hear the capital rendition of "The Mikado" given by the National-Pollard Opera Company at the Auditorium this week has missed a genuine treat. All the old favorite characters are admirably presented, with the honors falling to Frank Preisch, whose Pooh-Bah is a gem of serious comedy. In addition, Mr. Preisch has a rich basso, which he uses delightfully, to the great satisfaction of his auditors. As Ko-Ko, the lord high executioner of Titipu, Alf Pollard introduces many novelties never before ventured in this characterization, and that he creates a lot of fun without detracting from the spirit of the production is to his credit. His make-up is extremely ludicrous in itself. Jack Pollard's Mikado is a refreshing piece of work, and the Nanki-

rection of Milton C. Smith, a most attractive complement. S. T. C.

"Until Eternity" at the Majestic

Margaret Illington has come forth from that much-vaunted seclusion which secured her a great deal of advertising a year ago, and, despite her declaration that she has eschewed the limelight forever in favor of darning socks, is occupying the center of the stage at the Majestic Theater this week in an English dramatization of "Until Eternity." The drama is really a French version of "East Lynne," with all its lugubrious features preserved—with the exception of the ever-famous death-bed scenes. It principally concerns the heart affairs of Anastasie Fornac, who is suffering from that affliction vulgarly termed "too-much-mother-in-law." Madam Fornac worships her son and dislikes his wife, and sets about destroying the girl's happiness by false tales, until the unhappy Anastasie flees from her home, leaving her husband and child. She is caught in a railroad accident, identities are confused, with the result that she comes back to life as a Mrs. Benson, while Anastasie is reported to be dead. The husband mar-



ROSE STAHL IN "THE CHORUS LADY," AT THE MASON

Poo of Henry Gunson decidedly good. Mr. Gunson has a large voice of high range, which he manages well. The Pish-Tush of Willie Pollard aids materially in giving the scenes "go." Yum-Yum is true to her suggestive name. Portrayed by Eva Pollard, she looks like a little human pussy cat, with her delicious moues, her arching eyes and expressive gestures. She dances gracefully, sings passably well and is altogether a most alluring piece of femininity. The other two little maids, Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo, are entrusted to Kathleen George and May Pollard, respectively. Katisha is cleverly depicted by Elvia Crox Seabrooke, whose contralto voice is a joy. The stage mountings are a credit to the company, the choruses particularly good, especially the male singing, and the orchestral music under the able di-

ries again, and Anastasie discovers that the second wife is cruel and harsh to little Guillbert, her son. She goes back into her husband's home as a governess, and, of course, in the end, all is discovered, and husband, wife and child are reunited. Rather a spongy and sentimental foundation for a play to present to people who have long outgrown their fondness for luridly bound "paper-backs." The dialogue of the drama is stilted and unnatural to a painful degree, especially in the case of little Guillbert, who reminds one of those righteous youngsters in Sunday school stories, who talked with the grace of speech of a bishop. In the leading role Margaret Illington does not find so great an opportunity as was offered her in "The Thief." In the third act, when she quietly sits in her chair, denouncing her husband,

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her work carries her audience with her, but at the climax, when she shrieks across the footlights, she falls into the yawning pit of rant and does not dig herself out again. Her scenes with the child are winningly played, and little Ruth Ormsby, who characterizes little Guillbert, is without doubt the best child actress seen on a local stage. Miss Illington's exquisite rendition of a cradle song in her full, rich voice, which is always a melodi-

ous delight, both in singing and speaking, is one of the best features of the production. Nina Morris, well remembered as a former member of the Burbank company, is a handsome Julie, of a type well fitted to the part. Walter Edwards' work as Eugene Fornac is rather uneven, but on the whole entirely acceptable, as is the Leon Fornac of Edward Elsner, who adapted the play from the French. The scenic effects are models of harmony and luxury.

"Fifty Miles From Boston," at Belasco

With an entertaining play and excellent acting the Belasco Theater this week is offering a worthy attraction in "Fifty Miles From Boston." The comedy, however, gives little opportunity to Lewis Stone and the leading woman, Miss Eve Kelly, who appear respectively as Joe Westcott of Harvard '11 and Sadie Woodis, the postmistress. Both do adequate work in unexacting roles. It is in the character parts that the strength of the production lies. Nothing is better than Adele Farrington's Mrs. Tilford, the village gossip. Following somewhat the usual lines of such a character, Miss Farrington gives an original touch of her own, which gains her a secure corner on the laugh market. Her song, "Help, Help, Help, I'm Falling in Love," elicits deserved applause. If division of stellar honors is made it is to Charles Giblyn that the next largest share goes, for his Tim Harrigan, with the realistic Irish brogue, is a delightful bit of work. Charles Ruggles gives an equally meritorious portrayal of Jed Woodis, Sadie's brother, whose embezzlement of postoffice funds forms the major thread of the story and is the basis of the plot. Mr. Ruggles' make-up is particularly consistent. Frank E. Camp as Dave Harrigan, even to the cut of his handsome brown suit and derby, is a faultless villain. Charles K. French, whose debut with the Belasco company is made this week, gives a thoroughly commendable delineation as Nathan Westcott. Richard Vivian imparts an almost mute, but, nevertheless, impressionable strength to the role of Brainard, the town constable. Edwin Hayward, Richard K. Appleby, Nellie Montgomery, Bessie Tannhill and Ida Lewis assist materially in the good work.

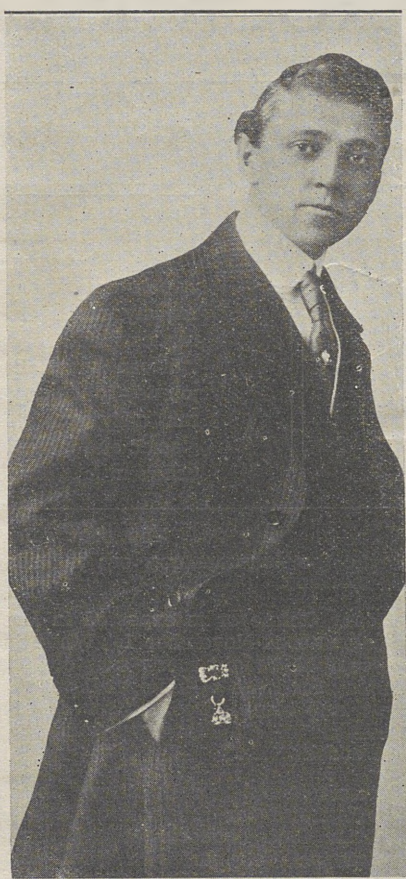
"Knighthood in Flower" at the Belasco

Another revival of a favorite play, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," holds the boards at the Burbank Theater this week and in the hands of this capable company is well portrayed. Dramatized from a "best seller," the text of which it closely follows, the story is too well known to require re-telling. Byron Beasley as Charles Brandon, captain of the king's guard and suitor of the king's sister, Mary Tudor, acquits himself most creditably. As the dashing soldier of fortune, impetuous in his wooing, ready to draw and defend the lady of his heart, he overcomes the discomfort of accoutrements of doubt and hose and entirely wins the affection of the matinee girl with his romantic picture. A heavier touch of rouge to his cheeks would materially assist Mr. Beasley's work. Without it he seems unnaturally pale and entirely wanting the ruddy English look that Charles Brandon would have possessed. David Landau, perfectly at home in his silks and velvets and laces, is a villain so charming that even Mary Tudor might have fallen a victim to his scapegrace wiles. Percy Bronson's portrait of Sir Edwin Caskoden, master of the dance, has a touch of boyishness highly pleasing—even though he does his best to detract from his delineation by wearing a wig which gives him the appearance of a Dutch fraulein. Marjorie Rambeau, in the role of the willful Mary Tudor, is less convincing in her lighter moods than in the more exacting emo-

tional moments. Her comedy lacks infection—she inclines to overplaying. Finesse is absolutely necessary in picturing the whims of Mary Tudor, else the character takes on a commonness more worthy a kitchen wench than a princess. Miss Rambeau's appearance in man's attire is a delight to the eye and her work in the third act is a joy to the audience. As Lady Jane Bolingbroke, Grace Travers strengthens the good impression made in former roles. Minor characters are adequately sketched, and the scenic environment is all that could be desired.

Novelties at the Orpheum

New turns at the Orpheum this week offer little edification for the discriminating vaudevillian. George Auger, the giant, is headlined in his fairy-tale sketch, but has the honors completely taken away from him by a little comedian, Ernest Romner. To be sure, the sole object of the sketch is to allow people to wonder at Auger's gigantic stature—which may be a fair excuse for it. Kalmer and Brown are



Walker Whitesides, at Majestic.

delightful in their dancing, which is novel and graceful, but their singing leaves much to be desired, and should be eliminated. Quartet singing perhaps strikes a more responsive chord in the hearts of Orpheum patrons than any other form of entertainment, even though it be as indifferent as that offered by the Bison City Four. This organization inflicts a great deal of broad comedy on its hearers, and sings with little appreciation of the lights and shades of melody. Yet it is greeted with the same vociferous applause that is awarded much worthier efforts. The Jack Artois Duo mingle funnyisms with their skillful feats on horizontal bars, and vie with the Krag Trio for athletic honors. Holdovers are Top o' th' World Dancers, McKay and Cantwell, Mr. and Mrs. Connelly, and the Krag Trio.

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Masterpiece,

The Melting Pot

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Mason Opera House

W. T. WYATT, Manager.
Week Beginning October 10, Matinee Saturday. Special Ladies' Matinee Wednesday, 50c, 75c, \$1.
Henry B. Harris Presents

Rose Stahl in The Chorus Lady

A Comedy by James Forbes. Prices 50c to \$2.

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"High Life In Jail"

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Rameses

Egyptian Wonder Worker

The Four Rianos

"In Africa"

Covington & Wilbur

"The Parsonage"

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Matinee

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Kalmer & Brown

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BRISTOL PIER CAFE

Burbank next week. This play has to do with the adventures of James Smith, a young lawyer, who substitutes for his prospective brother-in-law in the pulpit of a New England country church. While masquerading as a parson, he gets into a number of predicaments, finally falling in love with the daughter of an aged minister. At this point the dramatic strength of the story develops. It is the comedy, however, which makes "The Substitute" especially interesting, and Byron Beasley in the principal role will have a part which will afford him an opportunity to give full rein to his laugh-making talents.

Rose Stahl in James Forbes' comedy of stage life, "The Chorus Lady," will be presented at the Mason Opera House the week beginning Monday, October 10. This is Miss Stahl's fourth season in this play, which has been an international success. Miss Stahl scored what is said to be the greatest triumph ever achieved in England by an American production, her performances at the Vaudeville Comedy Theater being in the nature of an ovation. The famous dressing-room scene in the second act, showing a score of young women dressing and "making-up" for a musical comedy performance, is one of the most realistic stage pictures ever conceived. Miss Stahl's portrayal of Patricia O'Brien, a brusque, slangy young woman, worldly wise, but unfailingly good of heart, has been her greatest success. Mr. Harris, her manager, has retained the original New York and London supporting cast, with one or two exceptions.

For most western theater-goers the name of Walker Whitesides, the star of Zangwill's play, "The Melting Pot," which opens a week's engagement at the Majestic Theater Sunday night, is a new one. His record is noteworthy, however, and has been rather meteoric. At sixteen, after a brief career as "super" with Sir Henry Irving, he astounded Chicago with his performances of "Hamlet," afterward spreading his fame through New York by playing the gloomy Dane at the Old Union Square Theater. Since that time he has played Lear, Othello, Iago, Shylock, Richelieu, besides many romantic characters. At the instigation of his managers, Liebler and Company, Whitesides went to England where he met Israel Zangwill, and "The Melting Pot" was evolved. This play had a run of 150 nights in Chicago, and his subsequent tour of the eastern cities has proved a march of triumph. The play comes here from a seven months' run in New York at the Comedy Theater. In addition to the regular Saturday matinee, a special popular matinee will be given Wednesday.

"Fifty Miles From Boston" is to be continued for a second week, beginning Monday night, at the Belasco Theater. Lewis S. Stone and his associate players have made a thorough success of this brisk George Cohan musical comedy. The piece affords splendid opportunities for clever characterization to Mr. Ruggles, Mr. Camp, Mr. Giblyn, Miss Farrington and Mr. Stone, while the musical contributions by Miss Tannehill, Miss Kelly, Miss Montgomery, Miss Farrington, Mr. Giblyn and Mr. Ruggles are above the average of similar performances. Following "Fifty Miles From Boston," the Belasco company will offer "Zira," with Eleanor Gordon, the new leading woman of the company, in the name part, and with Mr. Stone, Mr. Camp, Mr. Yerance and others of the Belasco company in the cast.

Denman Thompson's latest play, "Our New Minister," will open at the Auditorium for a week's engagement Monday, October 10, with Saturday matinee. Like the first big success by the same author, the scenes of this play are located in New Hampshire.

The central figure of the laugh interest in the play is Darius Startle, constable of Hardscrabble. When the country store and post office are robbed, Darius at once takes the center of the stage. That he goes off on one false clue after another in his efforts to locate the thief doesn't dim his ardor. Eventually, by the drollest of droll flukes, Darius, in his search for the inconsequential pilferer, stumbles upon a really big discovery of importance to the town, the detection of the perpetrator of a crime that has long puzzled the natives. The good characters and the bad of Hardscrabble are presented—the men who go to church and the men who don't—the new minister and the old minister, and many other types. There is a sweet love story maintained throughout the action.

Prominent place on the new bill at the Orpheum will be given to "High Life in Jail," a funny farce by Ren Shields. It concerns a group of prisoners in duress, who, through the kindness of a fun-loving keeper, are provided with all the luxuries of modern club life. They wear stripes, it is true, but the stripes are tailored into evening clothes style; they have billiard tables, champagne luncheons, and the like, till they are so enraptured with their life behind the bars that they cannot be tempted from it. In view of a somewhat similar happening in San Francisco recently, the story of the skit is not at all improbable. Rameses is the name taken by the magician who will perform a number of seemingly incredible feats. In his "Temple of Mysteries" he apparently sacrifices a girl to the flames, only to reincarnate her, and has a number of feats of similar stamp which have aroused European curiosity and approval. The Four Rianos in their skit "In Africa," are well-known to Orpheum patrons. The girl in the act plays the part of an eccentric slavey, while the three men are made up as monkeys. Zellah Covington and Rose Wilbur have a sketch which is the work of Mr. Covington, called "The Parsonage." It is a pretense offering, the two playing seven characters. Remaining numbers on the bill consist of Capt. George Auger and company, Kalmer and Brown, the Jack Artois Duo, and the Bison City Four, with new motion pictures.

For the week of Monday, October 10, the Levy Cafe Chantant will introduce a quartet of singers who run the gamut of vocalization from coon shouting to grand opera. This is the first week that dancing and vaudeville numbers have been eliminated. Manager Levy's quartet of musical queens comprises Virginia Ware, lyric soprano, whose work in San Francisco has been a feature of the concert stage, and who gives ballads, folk song and American compositions; Mme. Lillie Lillian, from the Vienna grand opera; Jeanette Dupree, comedienne, and Fern Melrose, the Australian nightingale. The Kammermeyer orchestra still remains a feature of the chantant program.

Clefs

Manager Behymer's great Philharmonic Course, which stands for the best in music, has an unequalled series of entertainers to place before the musical public of Southern California. Signor Antonio Scotti, leading baritone of the Metropolitan, and Mme. Bernice de Pasquali, open the course at Simpson Auditorium, Thursday evening, October 27, to be followed closely by Mme. Johanna Gadschi, who comes November 3. Friday evening, November 25, Mme. Liza Lehmann, foremost among English song writers, with four singers, will present her own compositions. Other artists in the series of six events are Jaroslav Kocian, January 5; Josef Hofmann, February 7, and Alessandro Bonci, who

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comes February 28. The seat sales open at the Behymer box office Monday morning.

Henry Ohlmeyer is expected in Los Angeles about November 1. While in the east he bought many new compositions for the Ohlmeyer-Coronado Band, and has secured the services of a number of soloists new to the Pacific coast.

Arrangements finally have been consummated for the holding of the Orpheus Club concerts at the Auditorium for their series of three concerts. A number of novelties are scheduled for presentation by this club.

Mrs. Estelle Heartt Dreyfus, the popular contralto, who recently returned from Honolulu, has signed a number of contracts for appearances through the middle part of the state in December and January.

Thursday afternoon the Matinee Musical Club held its first meeting of the current year at the Gamut Club, with Mr. L. E. Behymer delivering the opening address.

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Banking conditions have taken on a decidedly more roseate hue since the last report and as a result there is every indication for a much healthier security market in the coming winter season. Whether it has been due to the presence this week of several hundred of the principal money kings of the United States, or because of the newly-signed treaty between the Associated Oil Company and the Producers Agency, in the matter of marketing the state's fuel product, there is no doubt that a feeling of optimism pervades local financial circles that has not been manifest for several months.

Mexican Common has been the leader on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange this week, with the shares having gained a full four points since the last report. It is stated upon excellent authority that several prominent bankers are taking on the stock in large blocks because of a tip that has come from close inside sources, to the effect that a dividend is certain to be announced on the stock at an early day, probably before the end of the year. The rate is to be a dollar a share quarterly, and upon that theory the stock is not to stop climbing this side of forty. Mexican Preferred also has crept upward, alongside of its cheaper half-brother, the latter shares having sold close to seventy this week. Common was in demand at above 32, Wednesday. Six weeks ago it sold at 22.

Union continues weak with an occasional burst of strength when the stock is manipulated for a purpose by outsiders. As soon as this support is withdrawn the shares become depressed. Contrary to expectations, Associated failed entirely to maintain anything like a reliable advance, despite the new treaty that has placed the Southern Pacific petroleum stock in command of oil marketing conditions. The shares made a drive upward of about a point when the new alignment was bruited. Probably because the public is a bit skeptical of Associated, the shares returned to their former inactivity within twenty-four hours, and at this time it would seem that so long as New York banking interests decline to accept Associated as collateral, there is little real prospect of the stock reaching much higher levels. Always, of course, with a reservation that if the long-expected dividend on the stock is forthcoming, there may be a different story to tell.

In the lesser petroleum specialties California Midway is firm, with Consolidated rather soft. Palmer also is weak, and Central Oil is not in great demand by its former following just at this time.

Industrials are not being acquired at present, and bonds have not been so cheap in years. Bank stocks continue inactive. In the mining list there is not much encouragement for the future.

Cleveland Oil dropped below 3 cents a share this week, and it begins to look as if the stock may have to be assessed to keep the company out of the hands of its creditors.

Money is a trifle easier, with borrowing rates unchanged since the last report.

Banks and Banking

They have had a good time here and the sincere acclaim of the twenty-five hundred visiting bankers and families to that effect is an appreciated repayment to the Los Angelans for their hospitality and entertainment. The convention here this week has been

attended by representative bankers from all over the United States, the visitors in the aggregate representing hundreds of millions of dollars. Los Angeles had prepared a busy program of events for the entertainment of the bankers and their families, and they were dined and feted with receptions, theater parties, motoring trips and sea trips to Catalina Island while also the hospitality of the best clubs and many private homes was extended to them. The convention itself was marked with genial and intelligent discussion of financial questions of world interest. Local men of finance made the guests welcome with short speeches, and later added to the interest of the convention with timely and informative addresses. Committee reports were heard, and the prosperity of the country was sounded in the various papers and discussions. Prospective changes in the banking systems also were taken up and reviewed with a view to further consideration. One of the most engrossing subjects of the convention, and one which was most thoroughly discussed, was the importance of the national currency associations, provided for in the emergency law for the foundation of a new and sound system of currency in the United States. Altogether, the meeting here was profitable, and it is hoped a thoroughly enjoyable one to the visitors.

Plans are being made by the Central Bank of Santa Barbara for the erection of a new bank building. A two-story brick building has been purchased for \$30,000 and this will be either remodeled or demolished to allow for the construction of an entirely new block. Contract for the erection of the new Puente Bank building has been awarded, the structure to cost \$6,000.

Plans are being drawn for the bank building which is to be erected at Coronado Beach by the Bank of Commerce and Trust Bank of San Diego. The new institution will open for business January 2.

Capital of \$25,000 has been authorized for the new Moneta Savings Bank to be established. It is hoped to have the organization completed by October 15. Subscribers include C. B. Casler, B. R. Sims, H. J. Harris, etc.

Los Angeles bank clearings Wednesday totaled \$3,373,159.52, which was \$1,326,239.19 in excess of that on the corresponding day in 1908, and was an increase of \$978,905.59 over the corresponding date of last year.

Contract for \$25,750 has been made for the ornamental bronze work to be placed in the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank's new eleven-story building now in course of construction.

Los Angeles bank clearings for the first three months of this year were \$194,200,000. For the same period in 1900 the total was \$29,300,000.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Members of the San Diego council have sustained the veto of the mayor in regard to the ordinance providing for the sale and issuance of civic improvement bonds amounting to more than half a million dollars. The amount had been previously fixed at \$500 for each bond, which sum will be raised by the redrafting of the ordinance.

San Diego is seeking to enlist favor toward calling an election to vote municipal improvement bonds to be expended as follows: Fire apparatus, \$94,000; Escondido bridge, \$17,500; N street conduit, \$50,000, and Brooklyn Heights sewer, \$52,000.

Hinkley district school bonds in the sum of \$2,000 were awarded to the American Savings Bank of Los Angeles, as were the Waterman district bonds for \$3,000.

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It's to be a winter of wonderful contrasts---of richer modes than have been seen in many a year---of more varied styles.

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Bordered Marquisette \$2.25---42 in. wide. Over white silk, a costume for an Empress.

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